SICK

No. 105

CC 02891

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AUGUST 1975

RED HOT ISSUE

MOVIE PARODY:
THE SOURING INFERNO

COMIC STRIPPED:
FLEANUTS

TV SATIRE:
RHODANT

BONUS CUTOUTS

NOTICE:

PLEASE OBSERVE THE LOCAL ORDINANCE AGAINST PLACING SIGNS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD

—A SICK SIGN—

UP9 Sick 1st sig. 3-26/27-50

August 1975 Volume 15 Number 14

SICK

No. 105

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SICK is. . .

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WE GET LETTERS...

DEAR EDITOR:

In SICK No. 102 (Feb.), you called a friend of mine stupid because he has sense enough to notice your stupid stickers were all messed up. Well, since you made that mistake, I am holding Huckleberry Fink prisoner until you 1) Publish this letter. 2) Apologize to Richard Salzer. If these demands are not met, he's dead!

James Taylor
Annandale, Va.

ED: We'll apologize to Richard Salzer on one condition: that you do not return Huckleberry. Around here, he's dead, too —dead weight!

• • •

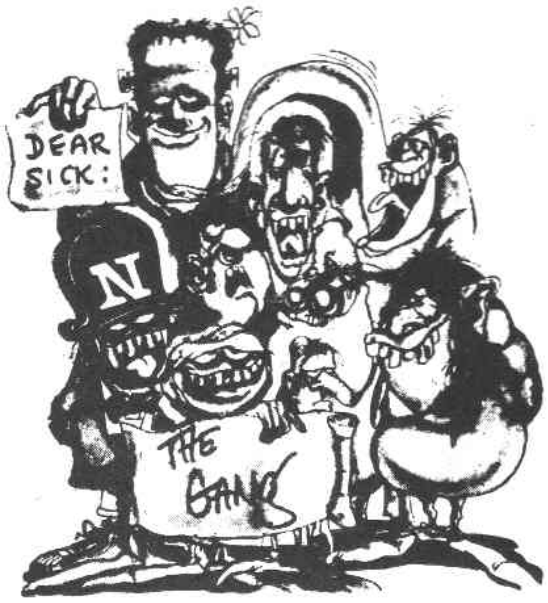
In issue No. 102, the film spoof "Day Of The Dull-Fin" was just too much. I've got to give you clowns credit for working on this great magazine, so it can lay on the newsstands for months collecting dust!

Ken Douglas
Sandy, Ore.

ED: O.K., from now on—watch our dust!

BRUNO HAUPTMANN IS INNOCENT—I AM THE LINDBERGH BABY!

EXCLUSIVE:
IN TWO DAYS,
TOMORROW
WILL BE YESTERDAY!



In the October edition you wrote about streakers. I enjoyed reading it. I think you should write about some people who would look funny streaking, like Richard Nixon, Don Rickles, Howard Cosell . . .

Todd Arrowood
Omonee Falls, Wisc.

ED: Enough candidates. Remember, three streaks and you're out!

• • •

In SICK No. 102, "More Shark Jokes" were terribly sharking. And "Lil Abnormal" was terrific. Your mag is better than Mad, Cracked, etc.

Tim Green
Dothan, Ala.

ED: Better than the first two maybe, but that "etc." is pretty funny!

• • •

Please send all of your six issues to me as soon as you can. I do hope you'll hurry because I really want them bad!

Joseph Blessinger
Milwaukee, Wisc.

ED: If you want them bad, don't get SICK. We only turn out good issues!

• • •

I really enjoyed "The Day Of The Dull-Fin" and "Santa Claus In Today's Real World" (SICK 102). I also enjoyed your "Play-Mouth Of The Month" (Howard Cosell). Why don't you do an article on droodles—pictures you try to guess, and have the answers upside down?

Mike Reese
Berea, Ohio

ED: Okay!

Hey, why don't you put more of Rube Goldberg's inventions in each issue? Or better still, Rube should put them all in a paperback and they would sell like hot cakes!

M.A. Sturdevant
Bloomington, Ind.

ED: Better they should sell like books!

BOOK OF THE MOUTH

(from Publishers' Weekly, 1/27/75)

May

AMERICAN FRIED. *Calvin Trillin.* The adventures of a happy eater who shares his great discoveries: spareribs in Kansas City, oyster loaves in New Orleans, she-crab soup in Charleston, pizza in Chicago, sopapaillas in New Mexico, soft-clam bellies in Brooklyn, and much more! Penguin 4018. $1.95

ED: Um-m, the happy cooker!

I am a regular reader of your magazine for the past few months. I enjoy reading it immensely, especially "Billy Jerk," "Serpigo" and "Civil Service Tests For Uncivil Applicants." They are truly the most amusing articles I have come across in a long time. Now I have an idea. How about "Star Truck" with Captain Jerk, Dr. Mellog and Mr. Spook, with their spaceship christened Underprize?

A. Homewazir
Toronto, Can.

ED: We'll toss it up in the air here and see if it picks up speed!

I just want you to know what a rotten magazine you have. To tell you the truth, I can't make up my mind who is the worst—you, Cracked or Mad. I think it's a toss up . . .

Joe Melgin
Hollywood, Cal.

ED: Toss up? You make it sound more like throw up!

ATTENTION WORLD: DON'T KNOCK PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE —HE KEPT US OUT OF VIETNAM!

Will you please send me all of your back issues, except your December, 1974 issue . . .

Joseph Blessinge
Milwaukee, Wisc.

I am currently in jail for concealment of stolen goods. After having read your magazine, I have seen the error of my ways. I should have concealed SICK!

Jesse Smith
Prudenville, Mich.

ED: Reader Smith sounds cell-shocked!

• • •

I didn't like the idea of making fun of the Bruce Lee films, as you did in the December issue (SICK 96). You shouldn't put Bruce Lee films down because they had a lot more on the ball than you implied . . .

Maureen Mulvaney
El Paso, Texas

ED: We're sorry if we had a little too much "film-flam" on that one!

• • •

I am a somewhat new SICK reader, but what I have read was really funny. I would like to collect old SICKs but I don't know where to get them. If anybody has any old SICKs they would sell, would they please write to me?

Mark Kadesh
2641 St. Clous Drive
San Bruno, Cal. 94066

ED: And while you're at it, readers, sell some back to us. They're collectors' items now!

• • •

I just read SICK #100 and it's your best, especially your cut-outs . . .

Raymond Bennett
Bronx, N.Y.

ED: You can thank our office cut-ups for our cut-outs!

• • •

In your interview with Eivel Bollweevil, what's that funny looking cover kid acting like Eivel Knievel for?

Ken Jones
Greensboro, N.C.

ED: Huck refuses to follow that old adage—"See no Eivel, hear no Eivel, tell no Eivel!"

HUCK FINK'S THINKS

The big news this month is still the recession. Economists are now saying that things will be better by the last quarter. Well, I'm down to my last quarter . . .

Not everything has been affected by the nation's economy though. We still have the same two-bit politicians . . .

Ford's been president almost a year now and so far the only unemployment problem he's solved has been Rockefeller's . . .

I saw a TV commercial the other day for Merrill Lynch. Do you suppose they had to let Pierce, Fenner and Smith go? . . .

Would you believe it—I heard one expert say that all this unemployment propaganda is just a lot of talk by people sitting around with nothing to do . . .

Did you hear about the guy in Trenton who walked into a bank and said, "Give me all your cash!" The teller said, "Take the books, too, I'm $10,000 short!" . . .

So if everything isn't topsy-turvy, answer this: How come it's always the fellow in the third car on line who is the first to see the light change?

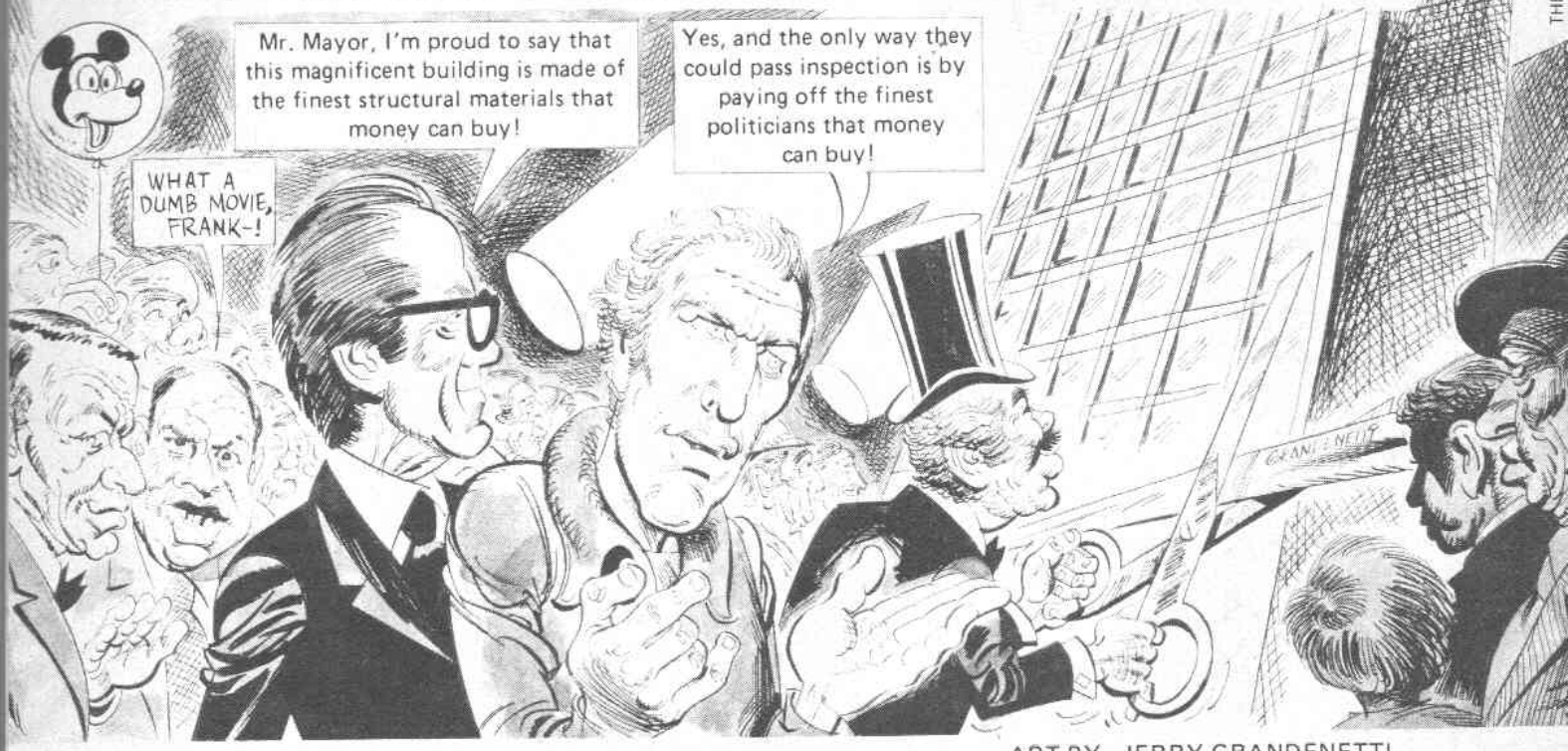
UFOs ARE FOR REAL . . . THE AIR FORCE DOESN'T EXIST!

IS BERT PARKS THE PRODUCT OF MILLIONS OF YEARS OF EVOLUTION?

Red-hot, sizzling, thrill-packed action! No--not the picture--the teenagers necking in the balcony! As for the movie, Fire Chief Steve McQueen should receive an Oscar for this flaming flicker--or at the very least, a pair of asbestos jockey shorts! Watch as he attempts to put out the largest blazing pyre since the valley people gave the Jolly Green Giant a hot-foot!

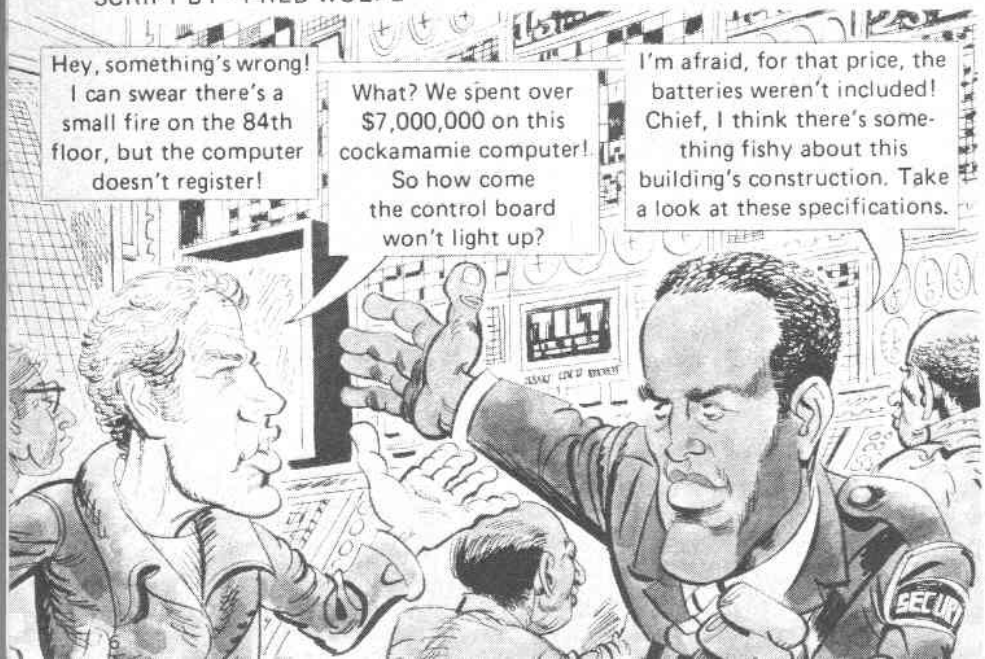
THE SOURING INFERNO

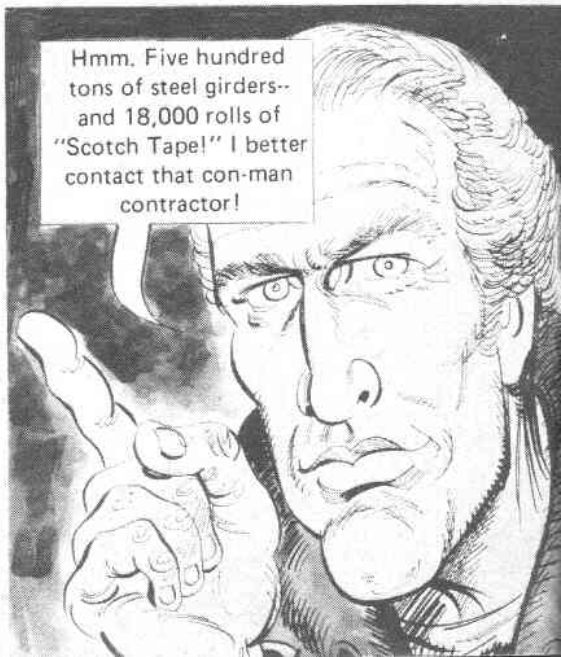
The mayor of the city is taking a "graft-break" to cut the ribbon on the world's tallest building--134 stories--133 of which were sold to the finance company to raise the loot for this sky-high firetrap . . .



SCRIPT BY - FRED WOLFE

ART BY - JERRY GRANDENETTI





THE LESS SHED ABOUT STRIP POKER THE BETTER!

We cut to the home of the owner's son-in-law, who has been cutting so many corners on the new building, it's a wonder the tower isn't round . . .

Roger, this time you've gone too far! I've just opened those cartons of imported wire from Italy and they're filled with millions of strands of copper-colored spaghetti!

Tell the truth. Which would you rather have--some dull stuff that just lies there and conducts electricity--or something that tastes great with meatballs?

And that's not the worst. Thirteen-million dollars were allotted for a fire-retardant sprinkler system and you only spent 55 bucks. If we don't have a sprinkler system, then what have we got?

Have you no shame? What has your wife got to say about all this?

A St. Bernard with a kidney problem!

Gee, I don't know. But I'll ask her when she gets home!

ROGER RIP-OFF CONTRACTOR

KICKBACK CASH

Meanwhile, back at the skyscraper, two security guards are sitting in front of a blazing wall unit . . .

Isn't it nice to take a coffee-break before a roaring fire?

I think it would be even nicer if we had a fireplace!

Unaware of the unscheduled indoor barbeque, the guests upstairs are having a hot time of their own . . .

Great party you have here, Duncan. I know most of the guests, but who is the klutz with two left feet dancing with **Jennifer Jones?**

Oh, some gate-crasher named Astaire.

THE HUMAN RACE IS FIXED!

I'm sorry, Duncan. But before Congress can give the go-ahead to build more of your high-rises, I've got to be sure that they're really built solid.

No sweat, Senator. Just read this list of superior materials--especially the section dealing with the thickness of the walls.

Would you mind flipping that list--I already read the first page!

Who was that?

The neighbor in the next apartment!

While the fire smolders below, the orchestra is unaware of just how appropriate are the tunes they're playing . . .

There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!

Hey, sweetie. How's about playing: "My Old Flame?" "Baby, Light My Fire?" "Orange Colored Sky?"

Having his own private party, publicist **Robert Wagner** is carrying on a torrid romance with his secretary--who sits when she takes dictation--and stands for everything else . . .

Darling, when I kiss you I break out in a sweat--my entire soul is ablaze--and I'm hot under the collar. Do you think it's love?

I asked the landlord to send up more heat--but this is ridiculous!

No, the couch is on fire!

Meanwhile, back at the party

Welcome, Roberts. The party is a roaring success!

So is the fire--it's roaring through 44 floors of your building!

Then I better do something to protect my nearest and dearest.

No--my bankroll!

You mean your family and friends?

Hello? **Fly-By-Night Insurance Company?** We've got a big fire here!

I know. We heard it on the radio.

Well, what are you going to do about it?

We already did it--we canceled your policy!

ISAAC NEWTON HAD A LOT OF PULL!

Meanwhile, back at the firehouse, the men are sliding down a pole--a tall fireman named Pulaski . . .

Hurry up, Kelly! We've got a fire in a 134-story building!

With my luck, it'll be a walk-up!

Arriving at the party in the high-rise, McQueen immediately gets down to business . . .

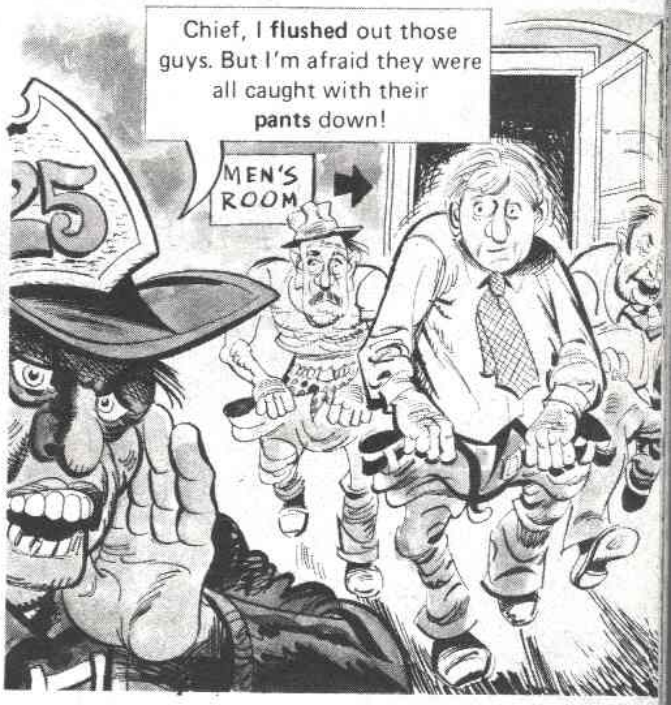
What are you doing?

I'm giving Faye Dunaway mouth-to-mouth rescuscitation!

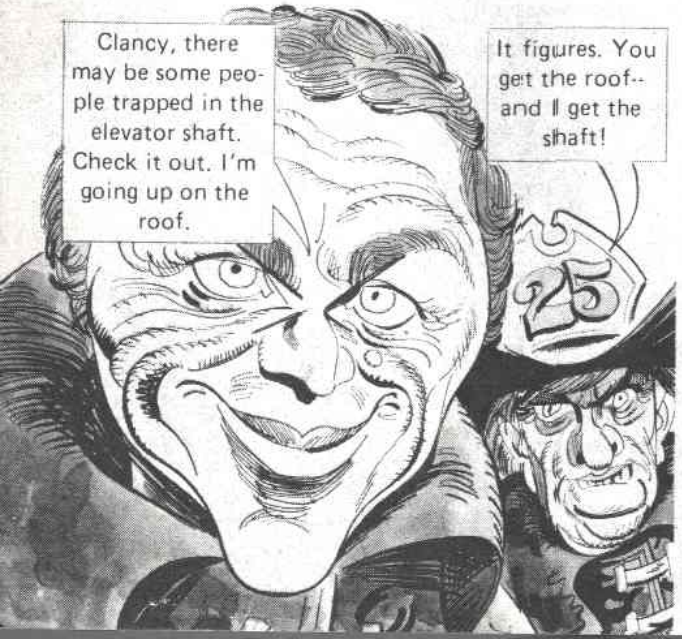
But she isn't overcome by smoke.

I know-- but **I'm** pretty hot!

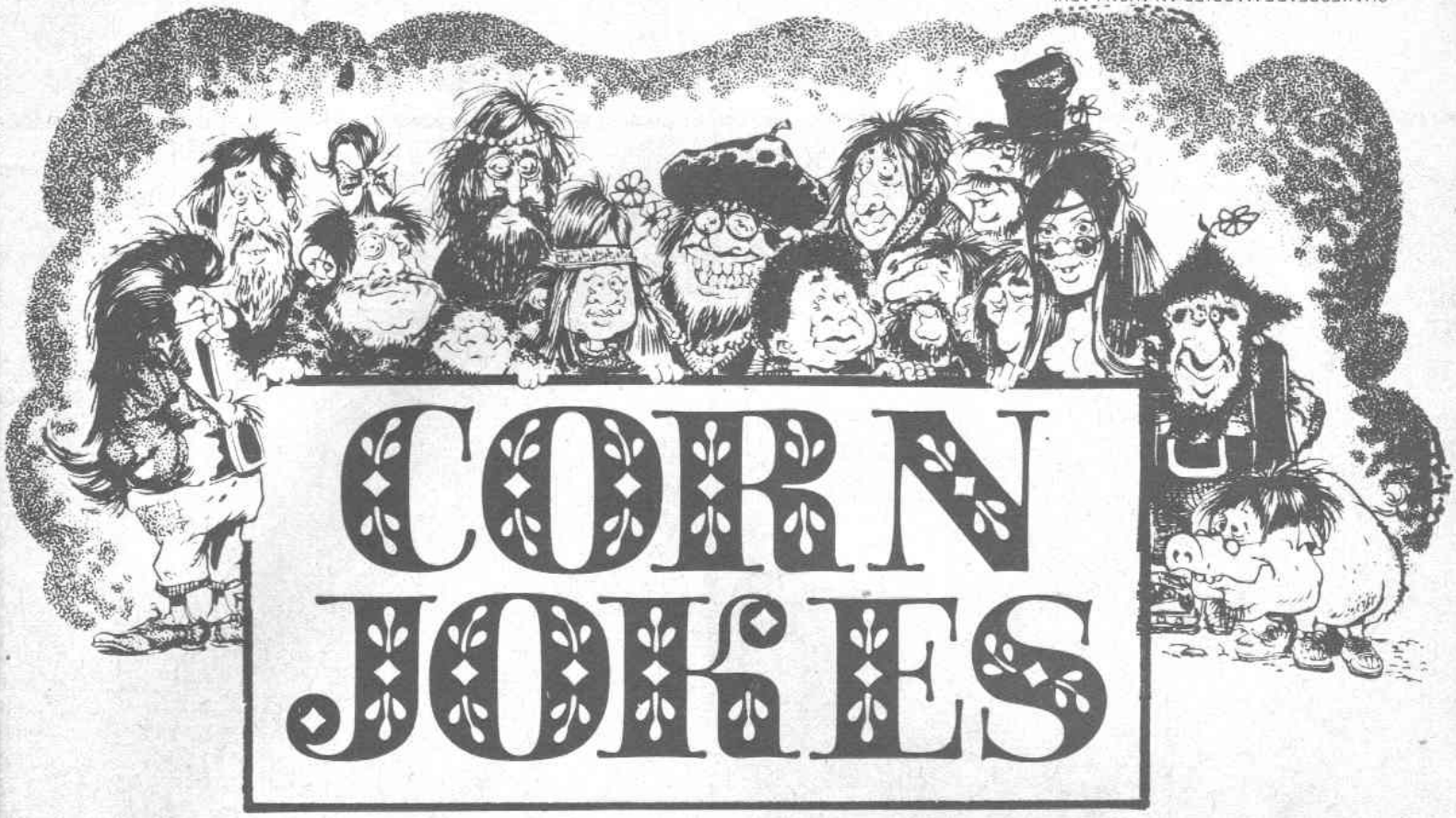
IF MAN WERE IMMORTAL, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT HIS MEAT BILLS WOULD BE?



THEY CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON LADY GODIVA!



Roberts, I just got a call from the chief. They're going to rescue us by helicopter. I'm afraid we'll all have to draw lots to see who goes first.
Mr. Duncan, I just drew number two. Does this mean I get to go next?
No--it means you just won a plucked chicken!
BECOME A SKYWRITER—SCRAWL GRAFFITI ON AIRPLANES!
Forget the helicopter, folks. It just crashed into the Goodyear blimp!
What does this mean?
It means they're making beautiful tires together! We're going to get you across to the other building with a **breeches buoy!**
MARRIED COUPLES MAKE LOVE AND WAR!
Hey, Chief! What happened to the **breeches buoy?**
I'm afraid it met up with a **breeches girl**--and that's the last we saw of them! But we've got one last chance. If we can blow the water tanks on the roof, they might drown out the fire!
So you want to part the water. This sounds like a case for **Charlton Heston!**
Charlton Heston? What does he know about parting water?
Are you kidding? Didn't you see **The Ten Commandments?**
Forget it, Roberts. He's too busy rescuing people in **"Airport '75."** We'll do it ourselves!
Newman and McQueen have a big blast--and when they finish their Scotch--they put out the fire . . .
I'd like to get my hands on the guy who started this fire. I'd strap him down in a chair and make him watch re-runs of **"Gilligan's Island!"**
Chief, I caught the culprit! He started the fire with one carelessly tossed cigar!
Who is it?
"SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES."
SMOKEY
SMOKEY
END



What does the green giant use to hold up his pants?
The Corn Belt!

What do you call an ear of corn who helps an old lady across the street?
Cornsiderate!

What city was the capital of the ancient Corn Civilization?
Cornstantinople!

Where do you get taken for a ride?
Corny Island!

What instrument is most popular in Corndom?
The Corn of Plenty!

Name a famous Corn State.
Cornecticut!

What word is featured in every magazine serial?
Corntinued!

by
MICHAEL PELLOWSKI
(with Phil Hirsch)

What holiday do the corns celebrate?
New Ears Day!

Who delivers corn babies?
The stalk!

Which corns achieve prominence in the South?
Kentucky Kernals!

What kind of a party do they hold on an Iowa farm?
A corn ball!

What corn grows on a tree?
A-corn!

Name a great corny author.
Nathaniel Hawcorn!

Name the corn's favorite baseball player of all time.
Ty Cobb!

Who is a former U.S. diplomat revered by corns?
Dean Husk!

What songwriter wrote "Three Corns In The Fountain?"
Sammy Corn!

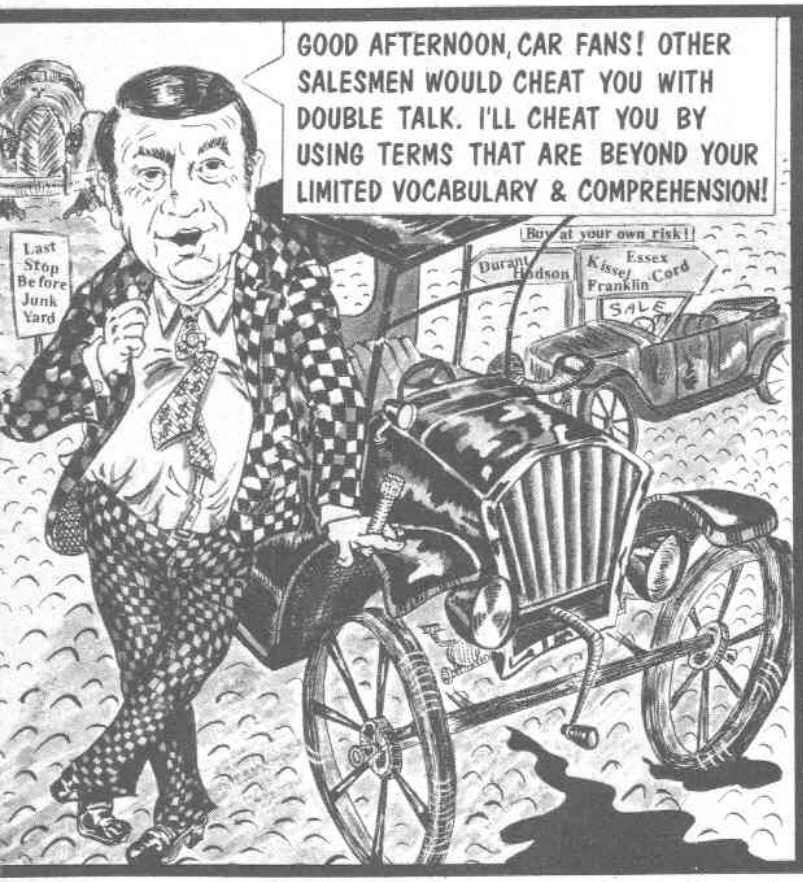
What is the corn's favorite song?
"Anything You Corn Do I Corn Do Better!"

Why do the corns observe the Bill of Rights?
It's in their Cornstitution!

Where do corns generally hang out?
On your toes, silly!

How do you start a letter to a farmer?
To whom it may corncern!

JOBS CELEBRITIES WOULD HAVE

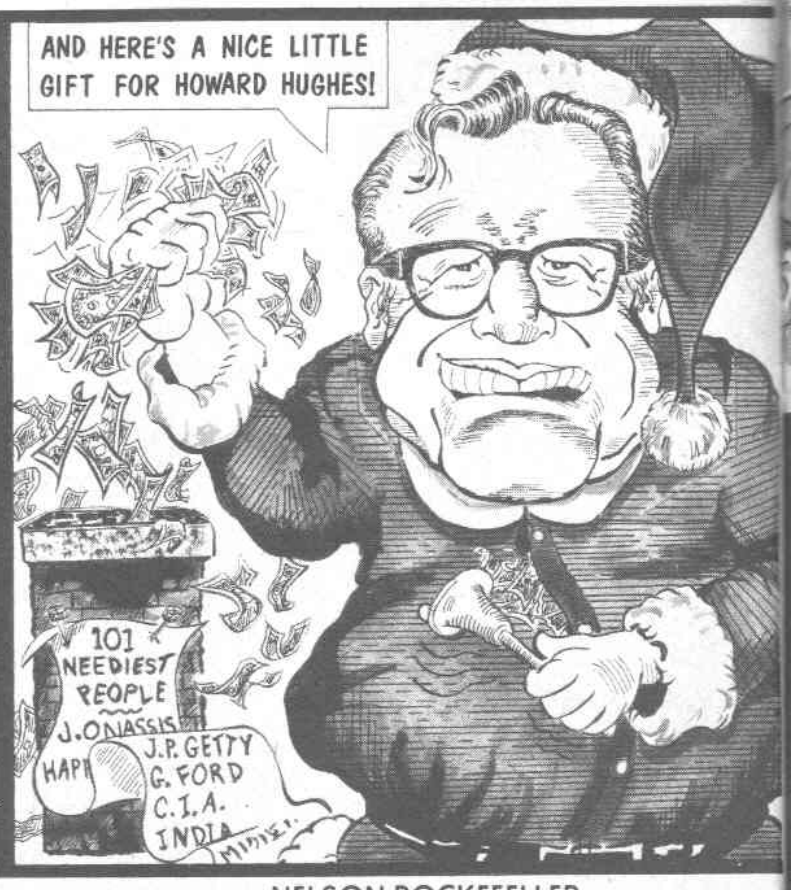


HOWARD COSELL
Used Car Salesman

Script by
MICHAEL PELLOWSKI

DON RICKLES
Head of a Complaint Department

HUGH HEFNER
High School Sex Education Teacher



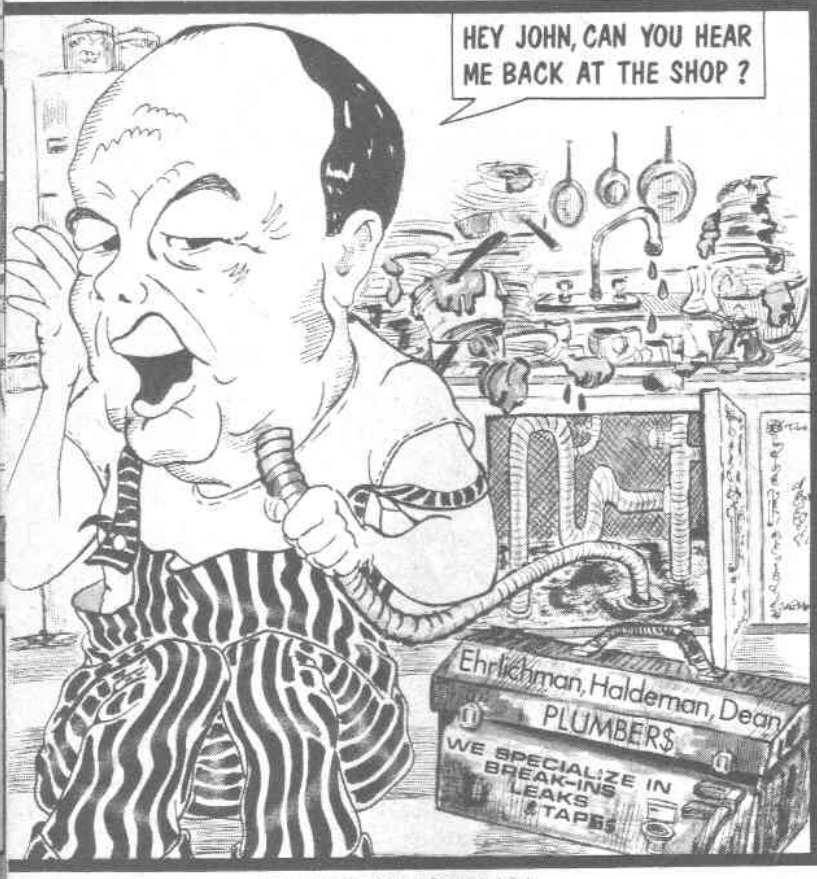
NELSON ROCKEFELLER
Santa Claus

DO PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHERS USE BROAD ANGLE LENSES?

BEHIND EVERY SUCCESSFUL MAN IS A WOMAN—AND SHE USUALLY CATCHES HIM!

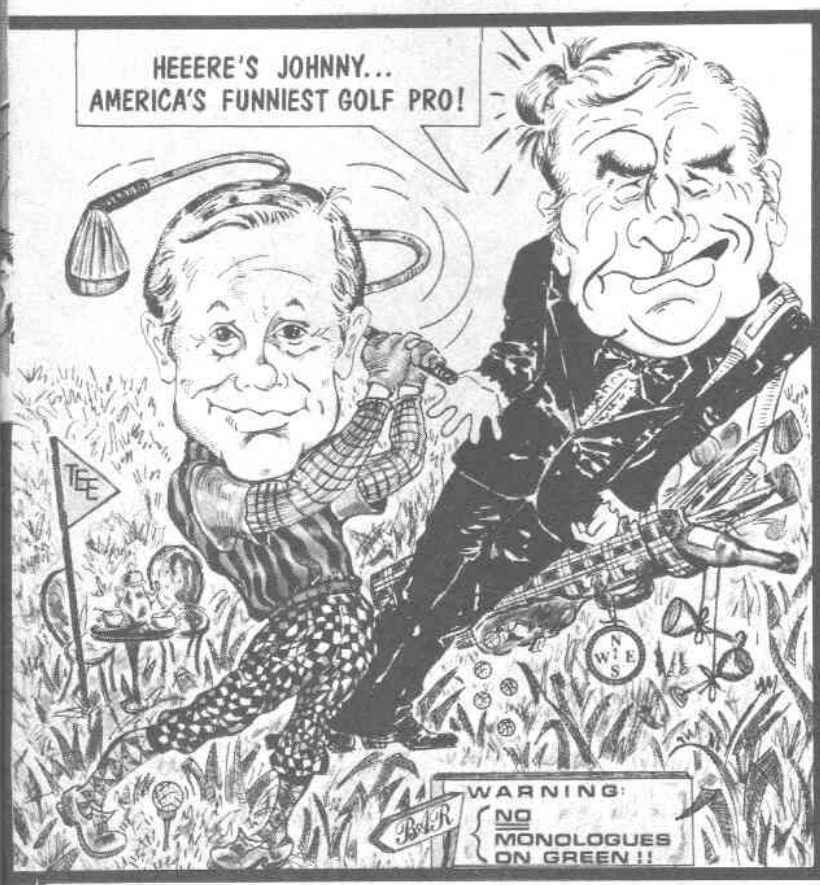
IF THEY WEREN'T CELEBRITIES

Art by DIANE LEVIN



JOHN EHRLICHMAN
Plumber

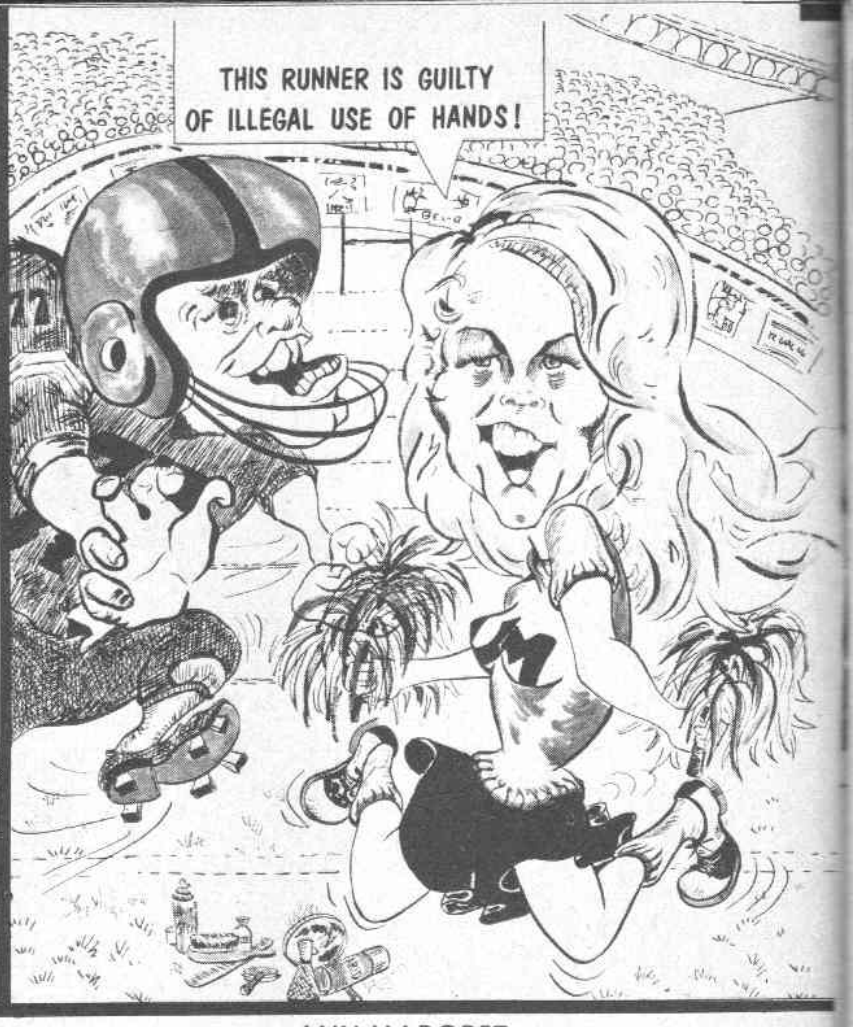
BURT BACHARACH
Piano Tuner



JOHNNY CARSON & ED MCMAHON
Golf Pro & Caddy

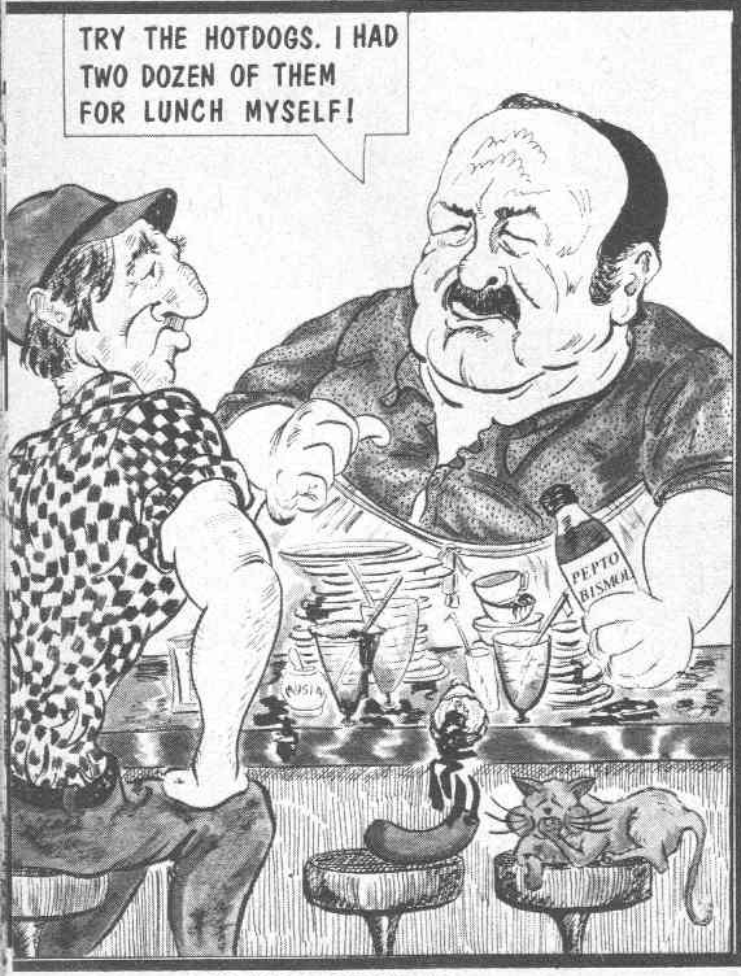
RONA BARRETT
Nosey Neighbor Housewife

EVEL KNIEVEL
Motorcycle Gang Member

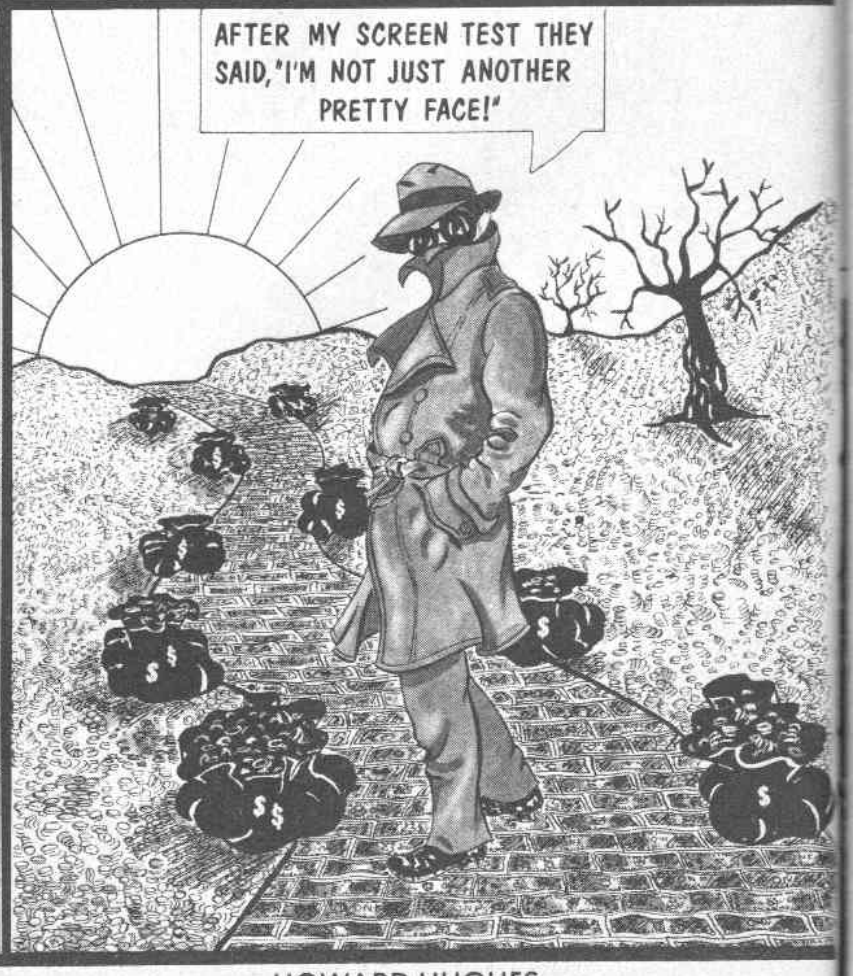


ANN MARGRET
Professional Football Cheerleader

CUSTER BLEW THE LITTLE BIG HORN



WILLIAM CONRAD



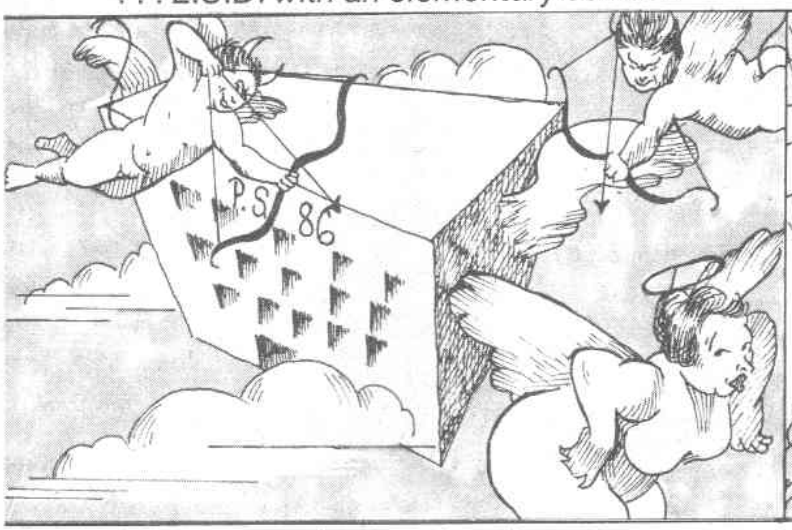
HOWARD HUGHES

CROSSES YOU HAVE TO BEAR

Script by Michael Pellowski Art by Simie Maryles

WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSSED . . .

. . . L.S.D. with an elementary school?



A high school!

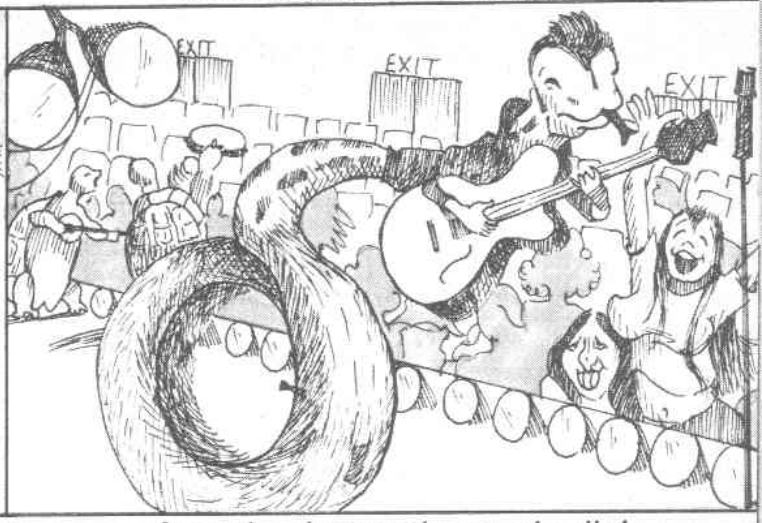
. . . the green giant with a humming bird?

A ho-hum!

. . . a hen with a house fly?

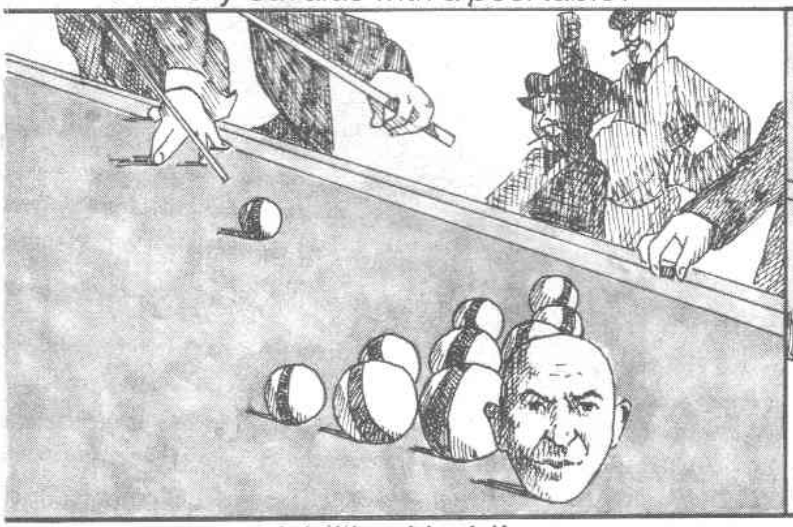
A fly squatter!

. . . a rattlesnake with a tire?



A snake that rattles and rolls!

. . . Telly Savalas with a pool table?



A billiard bald!

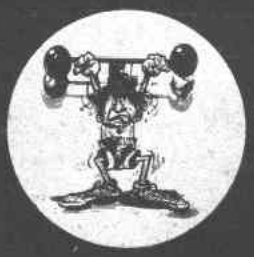
. . . two tenors with two Arabian shieks?

A Berbershop quartet!

JOIN GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS—WE'LL BET YOU'LL BE CURED!

MAKE LOVE, NOT BABIES!

Have you ever gotten so mad at a sports announcer that you turned the sound off? Have you ever thought that you might keep the sound turned off permanently? You're smart. Keep it off. Because if you turn it back on, you're going to get one of these . . .

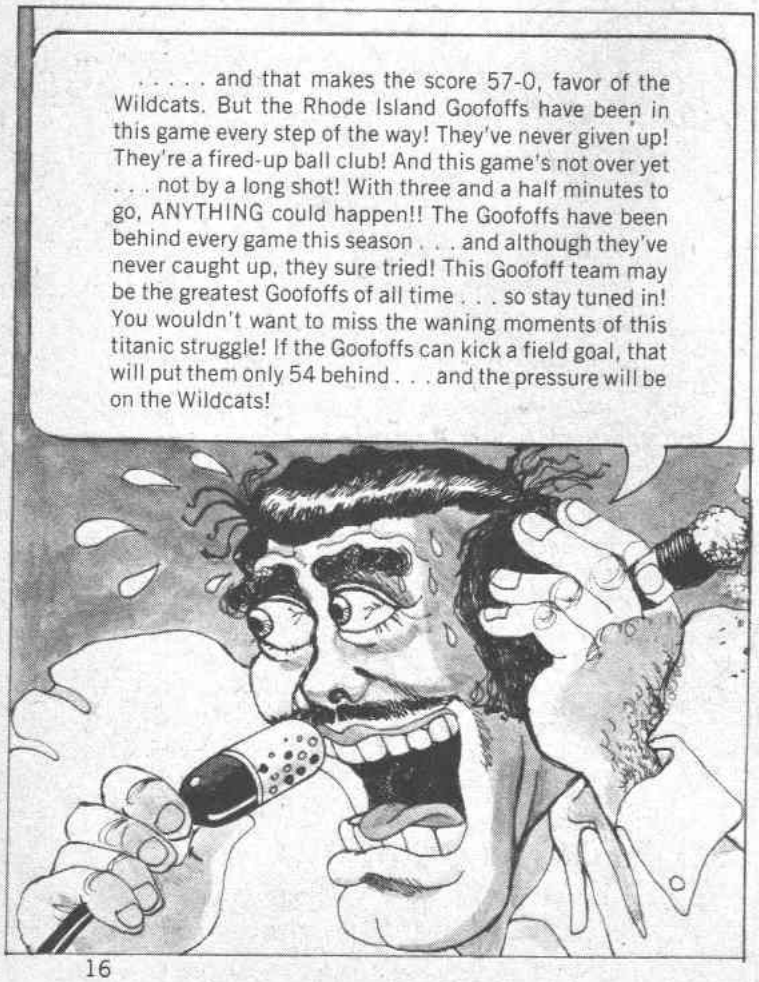


DIFFERENT KINDS OF SPORTS ANNOUNCERS

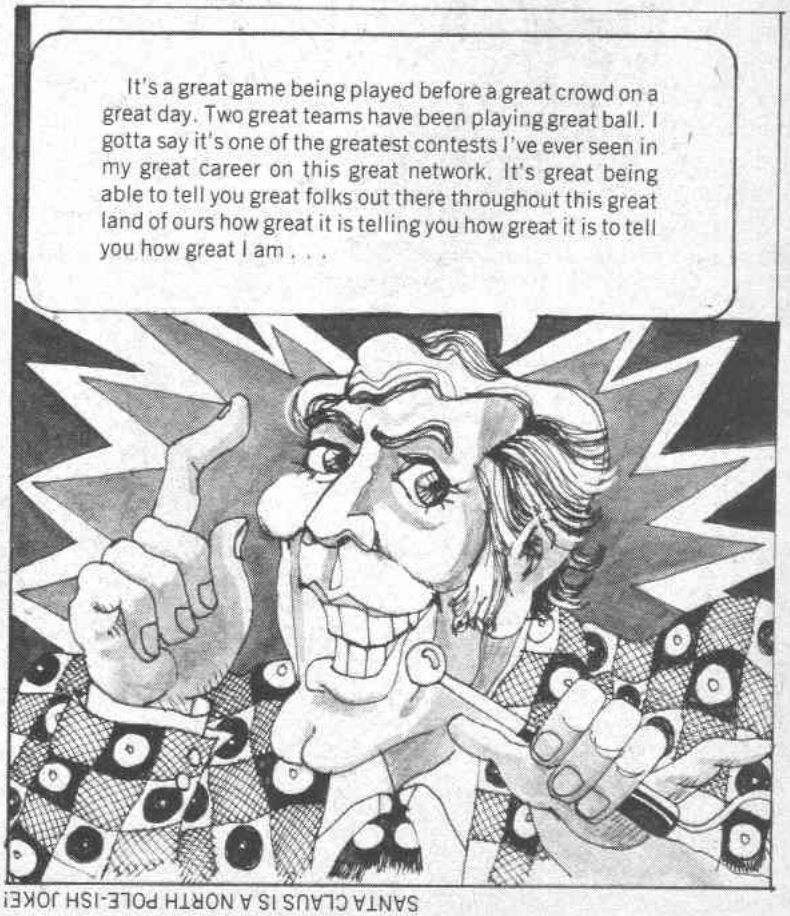
Script by Bob Heit

Art by Bernie Cootner

THE ANNOUNCER WHO TRIES TO MAKE A RIDICULOUS, BORING GAME SOUND LIKE THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY



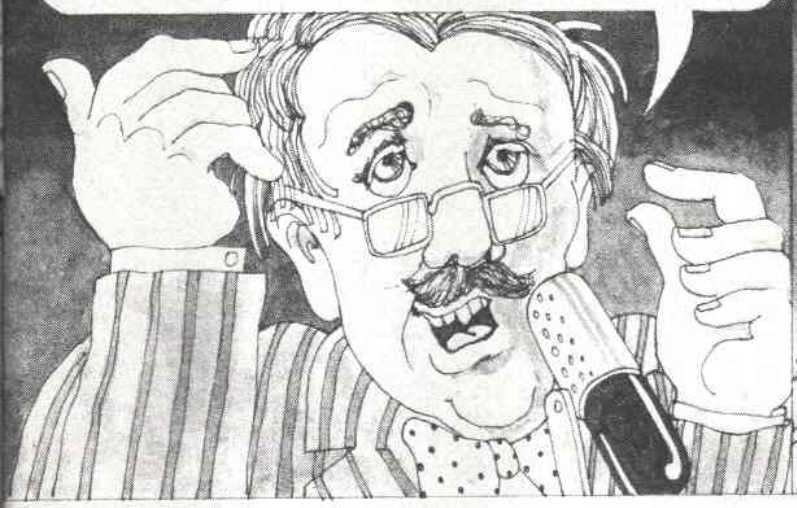
THE ANNOUNCER WHO HAS ONE WORD FOR EVERYTHING



SANTA CLAUS IS A NORTH POLE-ISH JOKE!

THE ANNOUNCER WHO TALKS ABOUT EVERYTHING BUT THE GAME

That little incident on the field reminds me of something that happened to me when I was a kid. We were playing stickball, and a fellow comes up to bat out of turn, and BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Well, I notice that the game is over. I don't know who won, but you can bet I'll try to find out for you . . .



THE ANNOUNCER WHO CAN'T GET ANYTHING STRAIGHT

That's Jackson . . . . No . . . . Sorry . . . . that's number 27, Johnson. Nope, it looks more like 21, Hopworth, who is passing the ball to number 14, Coddle. Oops, number 14 is Flange. But . . . wait . . . that's NOT number 14 who caught the ball. It's number 17, Mulch. Hold it, now. Mulch is on the OTHER team. That makes it an interception. And Mulch is racing toward the goalline with the ball! No, that's a puck. He's dribbling it down the court. Now he drops his racket . . . but the third base umpire calls it a foul!

MICHAELANGELO LAID DOWN ON THE JOB!

THE ANNOUNCER WHO SOUNDS MORE LIKE A WEATHERMAN

The temperature has dropped a bit, and I'd say it was in the mid-70's now. The day started out sunny, but now it's getting a bit cloudy. A wind is coming up, and that might be an advantage to righties. And now I see that the skies are beginning to darken. There's a definite possibility of rain . . . unless the wind carries the clouds over right field to left field and the sun returns to right field provided that the clouds hovering over center field don't get any worse . . .

THE SIDEKICK THE STATION HIRED JUST TO AGREE WITH THE OTHER GUY

BLAH, BLAH,

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH,

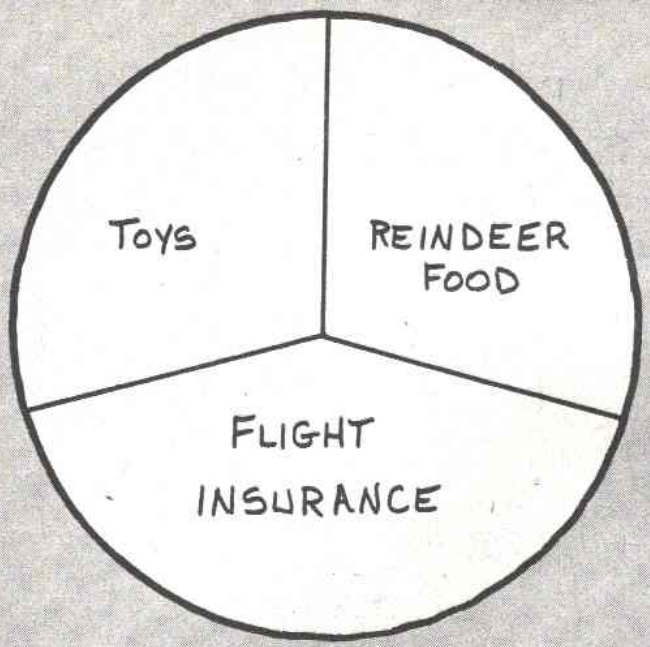
BLAH . . .

You're right, Jim!
That's true, Jim!
Right on, Jim!
I couldn't agree with you more, Jim!
Yes, sirree, Jim!
You hit the nail right on the head, Jim!
Absolutely right, Jim!
No doubt about it, Jim!
I gotta agree with you, Jim!
You're telling it like it is, Jim!

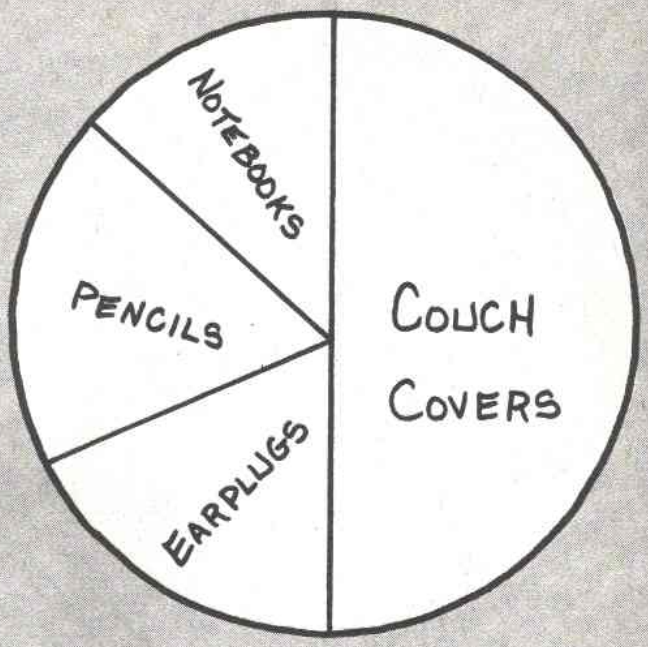
MONEY PIES

created by
Marylyn Ippolito

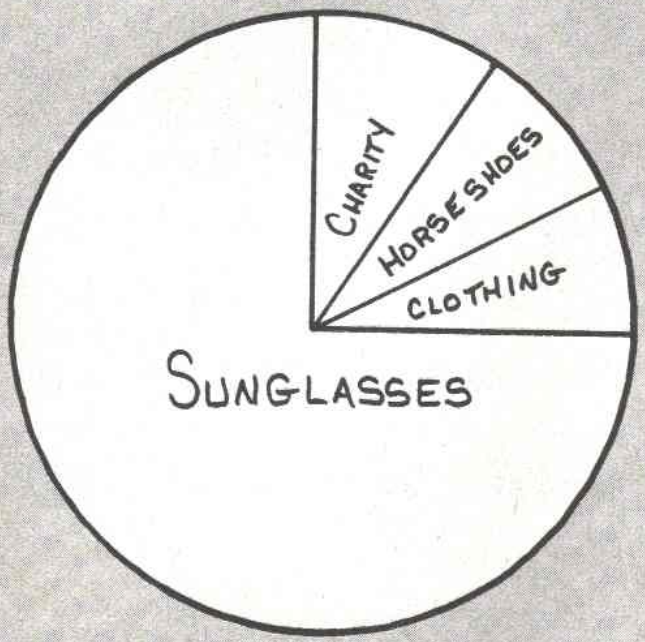
SOME TYPICAL ANNUAL EXPENSES



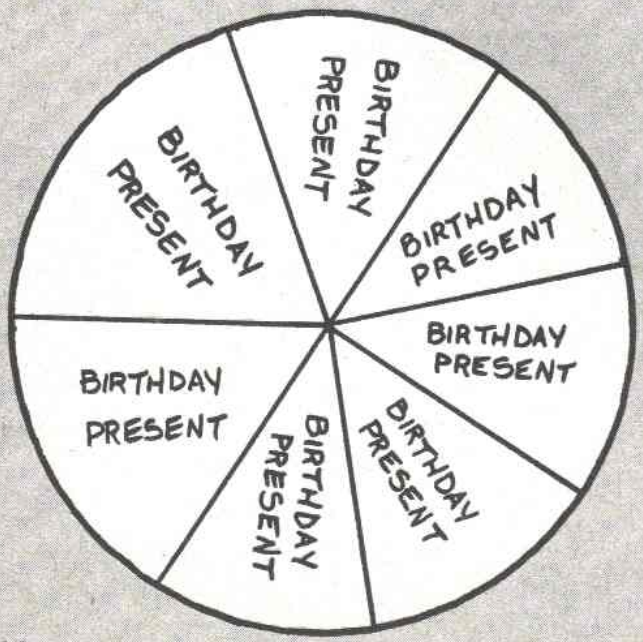
SANTA CLAUS



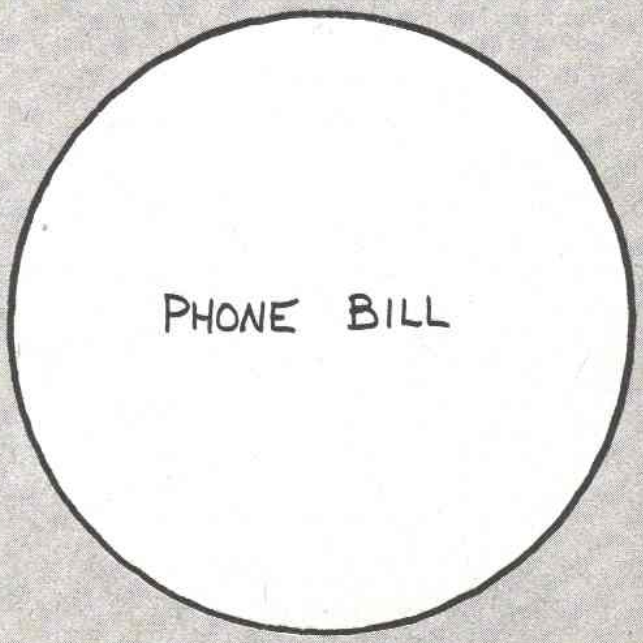
SIGMUND FREUD



JACKIE ONASSIS

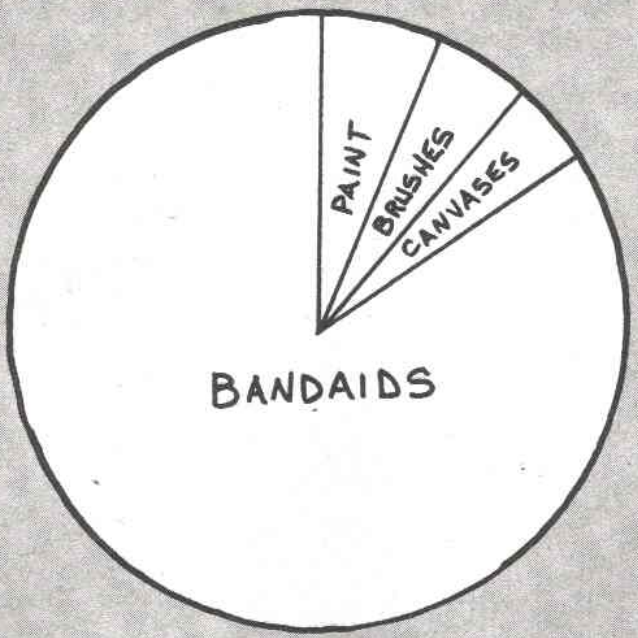


SNOW WHITE

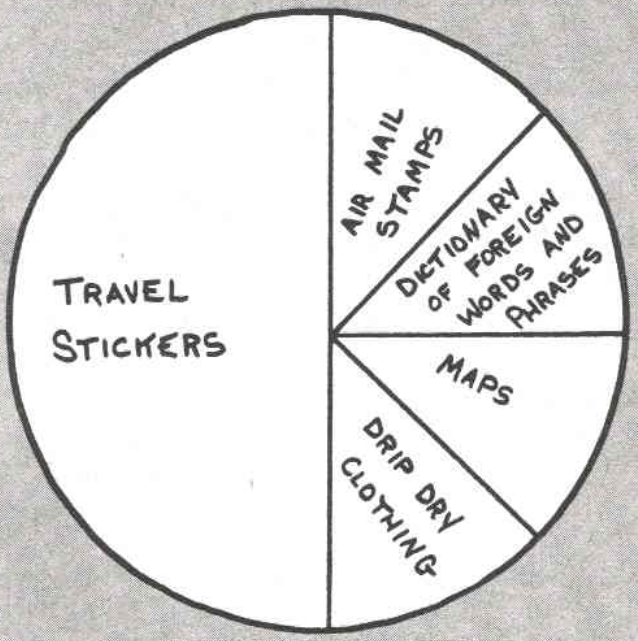


MARTHA MITCHELL

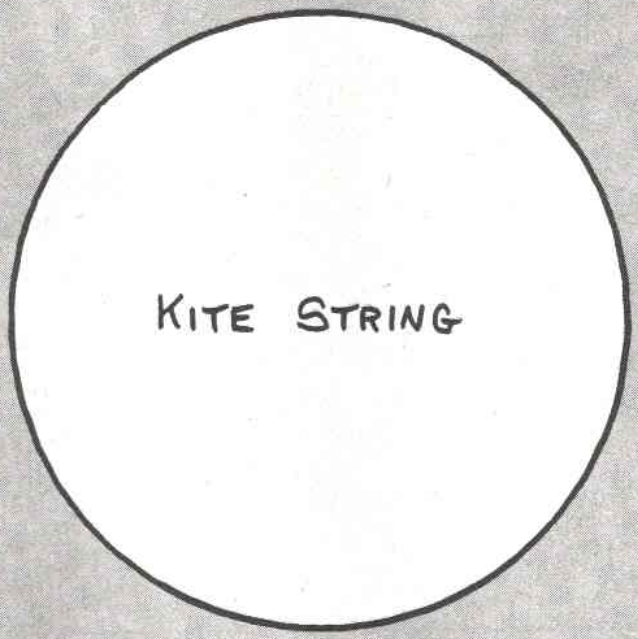
ADMIRAL RICKOVER CONTEMPLATES HIS NAVAL!



VINCENT VAN GOGH

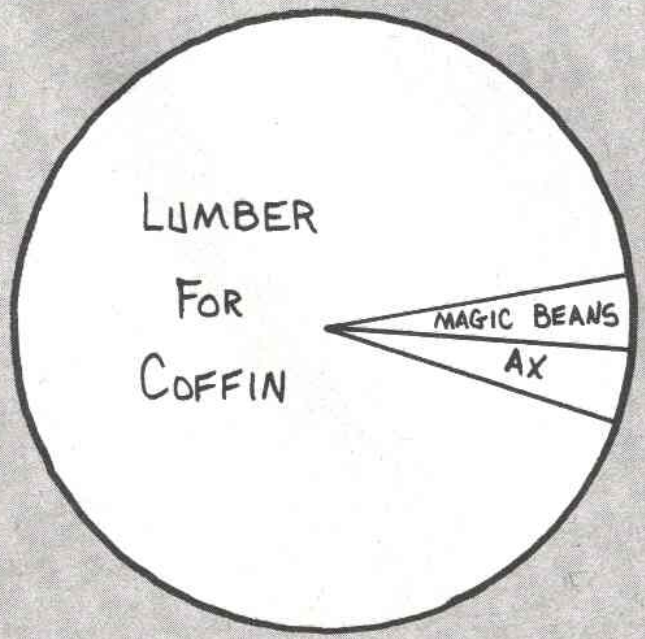


HENRY KISSINGER

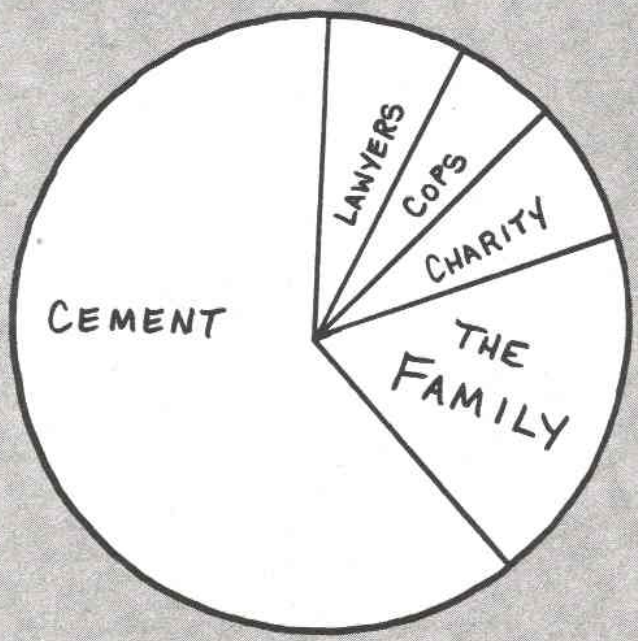


CHARLIE BROWN

LAWRENCE WELK



JACK
(of the Beanstalk)



THE MAFIA

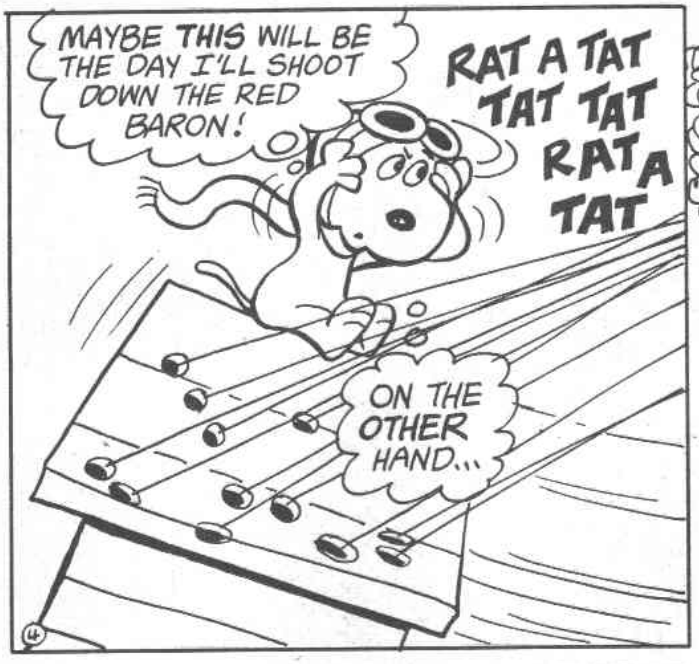
IT'S COMICS TIME AGAIN, SICKOPHILES, AND WHAT BETTER COMIC STRIP TO HONOR IN THIS MAGAZINE (THAT'S AN HONOR?) THAN THE LONG POPULAR, UN-ADULT-ERATED KID KOMIC KALLED...

FLEANUTS

script by - LEN HERMAN

Art by - TONY TALLARICO

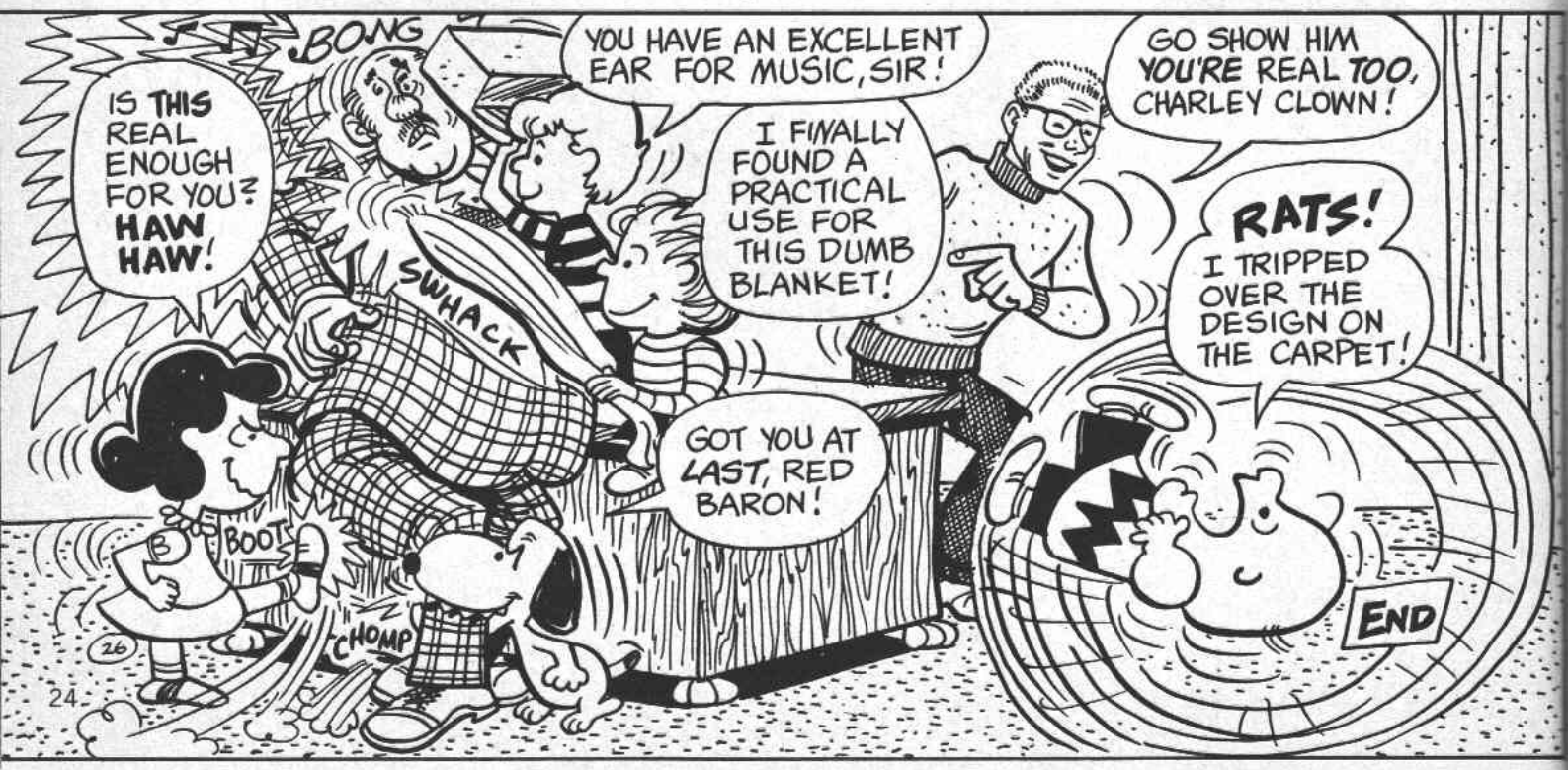
RONALD REAGAN CAN'T ACT EITHER!



HERMAN MELVILLE TELLS A WHALE OF A STORY!

MOBY DICK WAS A HONKIE!

DRACULA WEARS DENTURES!



PHILADELPHIA IS NOT DULL—IT JUST SEEMS.SO BECAUSE IT'S NEXT TO EXCITING CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY!

GREAT MOMENTS IN SCIENCE

MAN'S FIRST STEP ON THE MOON

(painting by DIANE LEVIN)

Want to know how the stock business operates? Then get the Wall Street Journal! *But if you want to know how the* shlock *business operates, then just sit back and read this next feature, as . . .*

SICK TAKES STOCK

OF THE STOCK MARKET (IT'S A LAUGHING STOCK!)

Script by ARON MAYER and EDEN NORAH
Art by BILL BURKE

WEATHER FORECAST:
FRIDAY: Dew
SATURDAY: Dew
SUNDAY: Don't

Sick Sick

ANARCHISTS UNITE!

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

CHARLES SCHULTZ IS GETTING FAT ON PEANUTS!

CICERO, ILL.: The National Association of Manufacturers is trying to come up with a sure-fire product designed for the man who has everything (How about a burglar alarm?)

SAUDI ARABIA: Oil-rich Arabs refuse to buy any paintings. (Maybe they sway too much on tent walls.)

PALO ALTO, CAL.: A scientific team will send an electronic message to star cluster Messiah 13. They estimate it will take 24,000 years to get there. (Longer if they get a busy signal!)

LAS VEGAS, NEV.: A 17-year-old chorus girl married an 82-year-old playboy millionaire (worth over $10,000,000) after knowing him only three days. (Bet her friends are sending her Get Will Cards!)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: A telephone operator in Chinatown committed suicide by standing on the switchboard and hanging herself with a telephone wire. (Maybe she went crazy after getting all those WONG numbers!)

MAYO CLINIC, MONN.: A medical survey has revealed that 10 times more men get ulcers than women. (That may be true, but women are carriers!)

BOSTON, MASS.: From this town comes an elegy to Fanne Fox: "She was only a stripper from the Silver Slipper but she had her ways and means!"

LONDON, ENGLAND: A Tiffany lamp was recently sold here for $42,000. (Man, that salesman sure did socket to somebody!)

CLEVELAND, OHIO: The FAA is investigating reports that pilots and copilots sometimes fall asleep while the plane is in flight. (They must be showing the movies in the cockpit!)

GARY IND.: A local postman was arrested after it was discovered that he had over three tons of undelivered mail stashed away in his attic. (There's a joke in there somewhere about Couriers and Eaves!)

QUESTION OF THE MONTH: HOW CAN A TWO-POUND BOX OF CANDY MAKE YOU GAIN FIVE POUNDS?

World

TV FLASH:

CARLTON, THE DOORMAN ON "RHODA," SOON WON'T BE SEEN ON HIS OWN TV SERIES!

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by PAUL LAIKIN

SAUDI ARABIA: David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank met with King Faisal recently in a secret meeting here. (Isn't it a little late to open a Christmas Club account?)

SAN DIEGO, CAL.: At the world-famous zoo here, it was reported that a housewife was grabbed by a gorilla. (She should have told him she had one of her headaches!)

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.: Actor Telly Savalas shocked even the ultra-sophisticated denizens of the film community by jumping out of a cake completely nude at a friend's birthday party. (Beware of gifts bearing Greeks?)

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS: A convict lost a lawsuit to obtain sexual visitation rights at the institution. (A big house is not a home?)

NEW YORK CITY: Over a dozen new hamburger franchises have opened up in this city in the last two months. (Seems it's going from Fun City to Bun City!)

MADISON, WISC.: For the first time in history, a local church was given a liquor license. It was granted this privilege by a civic ruling. (Now it can have just one more collection for the road!)

PHOENIX, ARIZ.: A local church has formed a bowling team, the only one of its kind in the Southwest. (What will they call themselves—the Holy Rollers?)

LAS VEGAS, NEV.: A comedian appearing at the Sahara lounge reported that somebody broke into his hotel room, left all his money and jewelry, but absconded with all his comedy material. (That's carrying a joke too far!)

KOOKY KLASSIFIEDS

WANTED TO SWAP: Schoolboy is anxious to exchange birthday present of white dress shirt and knitted tie for white rat and jumping frog or anything else useful. BOX 87H

● ● ●

Will the person who stole the $50 worth of groceries from my car kindly return it. Just leave it in the glove compartment where you found it and no questions will be asked. BOX 23G

● ● ●

WANTED: Ambitious, aggressive private secretary, capable of grappling with routine office jobs along with the boss. BOX42M

● ● ●

STREAKER WANTED: For a business anniversary party of reserved, genteel people. You'll have the run of the place. BOX64T

● ● ●

NEW CITY ORDINANCE EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY: It shall be illegal and punishable by fine to park any car in any space already occupied by another car.

● ● ●

WANTED: KKK MEMBERS, in uniform. To protest moving into all-white neighborhood of first black family. An equal opportunity employer. BOX 24P

● ● ●

ATTENTION, OEDIPUS: Come home. All is forgiven. Mother still loves you.

● ● ●

THE MONTESSORI SCHOOL TAUT ME TO REDE AND RITE AN I'M ONLY TOO. BOX 75R

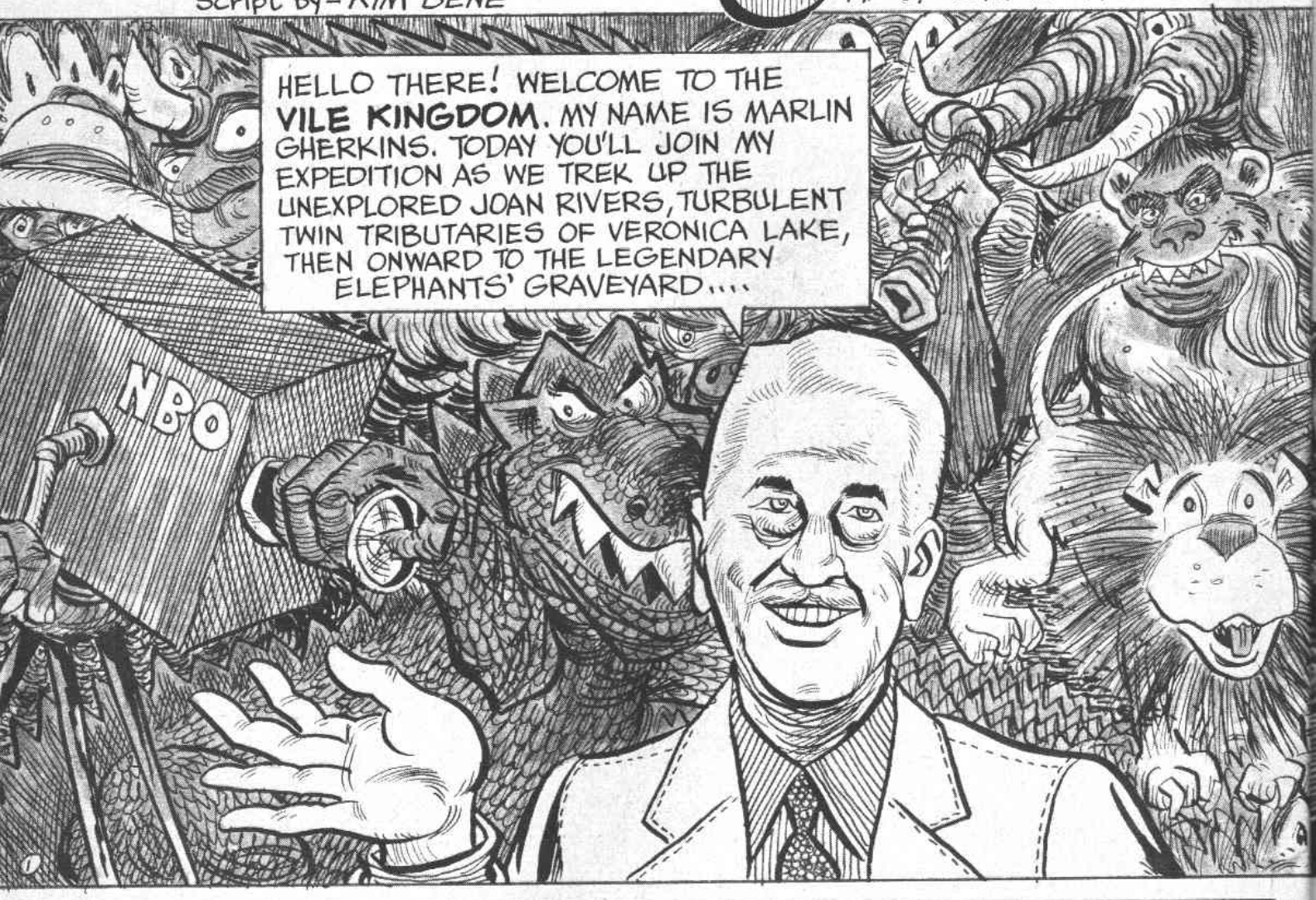
WARNING: YOUR LOCAL POLICE ARE ARMED AND DANGEROUS!

TV review....

Vile Kingdom

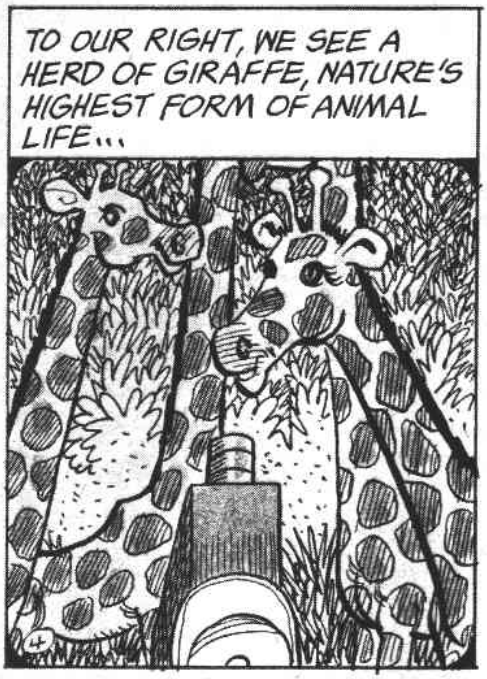
Script by - KIM BENE

Art by - TONY TALLARICO



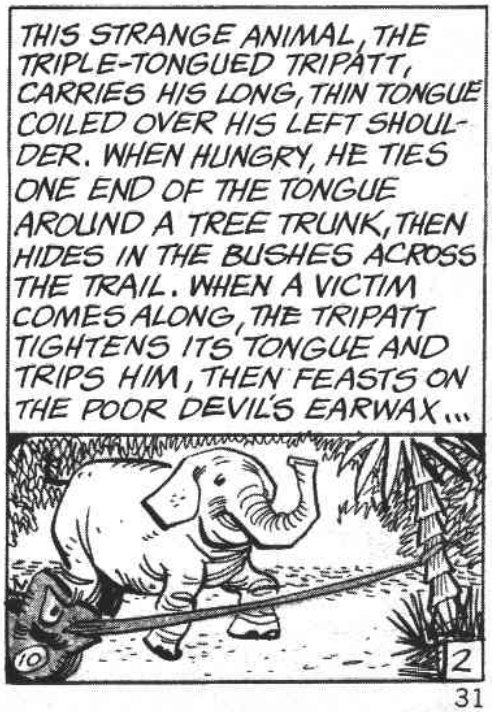
FAMILIARITY BREEDS . . .

EVIL SPELLED BACKWARDS IS LIVE!



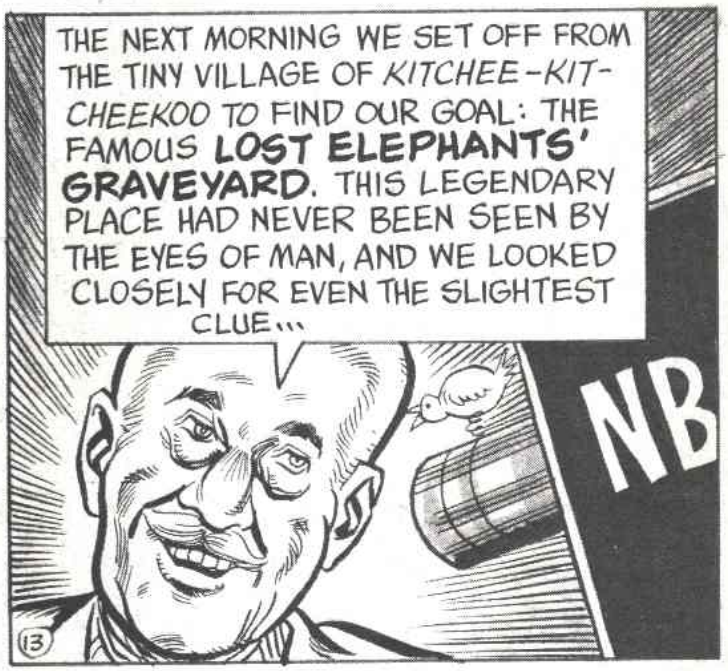
LOVE IS A MANY GENDERED THING!

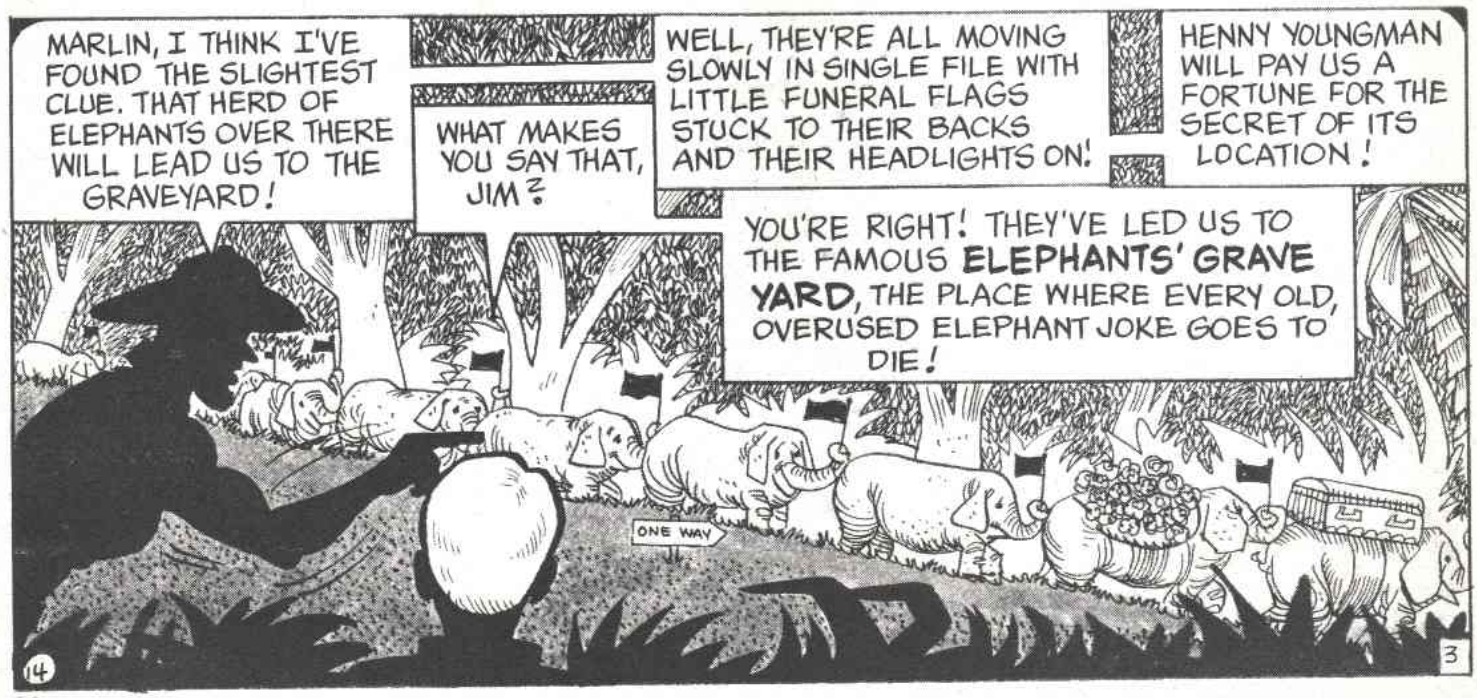
WEIGHT WATCHERS DEMANDS ITS POUND OF FLESH!



MARLIN, MARLIN!
IT'S MY VIRILE YOUNG ASSISTANT, JIM FOULODER. HEY, FOULODER! FOULODER!
YOU WOULDN'T SMELL SO GREAT, EITHER, IF YOU HAD TO CLEAN OUT ANIMAL CAGES. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A HOUSEBROKEN ELEPHANT!
I WAS JUST TRYING TO ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION. WHAT'S HAPPENED?
SHANGO, OUR FAITHFUL NATIVE GUIDE, HAS JUST FALLEN INTO A BOTTOMLESS POOL OF QUICKSAND AND HE'S ALREADY UP TO HIS ANKLES!
11

THEN JUST DON'T STAND THERE. TOSS HIM A ROPE BEFORE HE SINKS!
THEN TOSS HIM A BIBLE AND WATER-WINGS AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!
ROPE'S NO GOOD, MARLIN, HE WENT IN HEAD FIRST!
12


THE NEXT MORNING WE SET OFF FROM THE TINY VILLAGE OF KITCHEE-KIT-CHEEKOO TO FIND OUR GOAL: THE FAMOUS LOST ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD. THIS LEGENDARY PLACE HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN BY THE EYES OF MAN, AND WE LOOKED CLOSELY FOR EVEN THE SLIGHTEST CLUE...
NB
13


MARLIN, I THINK I'VE FOUND THE SLIGHTEST CLUE. THAT HERD OF ELEPHANTS OVER THERE WILL LEAD US TO THE GRAVEYARD!
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT, JIM?
WELL, THEY'RE ALL MOVING SLOWLY IN SINGLE FILE WITH LITTLE FUNERAL FLAGS STUCK TO THEIR BACKS AND THEIR HEADLIGHTS ON!
HENNY YOUNGMAN WILL PAY US A FORTUNE FOR THE SECRET OF ITS LOCATION!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY'VE LED US TO THE FAMOUS ELEPHANTS' GRAVE YARD, THE PLACE WHERE EVERY OLD, OVERUSED ELEPHANT JOKE GOES TO DIE!
ONE WAY
14
3

Why do ELEPHANTS have curved tusks?
Because it's hard to find a dentist who fits ELEPHANT braces!

What happens when ELEPHANTS ride in an airplane?
The stewardess says: "COFFEE, TEA or PEANUTS?"

How do you make an ELEPHANT float?
Take 1 ELEPHANT, 2 scoops of icecream, 1,000 gallons of Root Beer...

Why Do ELEPHANTS Have Wrinkled Ankles?
From tying their Tennis Shoes Too Tight!

What did Tarzan say when he got on the ELEPHANT?
This is your jungle. Keep it clean.

Why do ELEPHANTS have scratches on their bellies?
From Pole vaulting over rose bushes.

Why did the ELEPHANT marry the mouse?
He Had To!

Who's an ELEPHANT'S favorite singer?
ElephantsGerald!

YES, JIM, AND JUST AS PARROTS HAVE BEAKS AND FEATHERS, MOST PEOPLE HAVE THE SECURITY OF KNOWING THEY'RE INSURED BY *MUCILAGE OF OMAHAHA*, THE COMPANY THAT LAUGHS AT YOUR MISFORTUNE. PRETTY CLEVER HOW I CHANGED THE SUBJECT AND SNEAKED IN A COMMERCIAL, HUH?

MUCILAGE MEANS PROTECTION. THE KIND OF PROTECTION YOU NEED IF YOU'RE BOTHERED BY RACKETEERS, THUGS AND STRONGARM MEN. IF YOU'RE NOT BOTHERED BY RACKETEERS, THUGS AND STRONGARM MEN, *MUCILAGE OF OMAHAHA* WILL PROVIDE SOME. REMEMBER, WHEN YOU SIGN WITH *MUCILAGE*, YOU'RE STUCK WITH OUR INSURANCE!

WELL, WITH THE GRAVEYARD'S LOCATION CAREFULLY MARKED ON OUR *AAA* CLUB MAPS, WE SOON BEGAN TO HACK OUR WAY BACK THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH, PAST THE DEADLY HIDDEN DANGERS, AND BACK, AT LAST, TO CIVILIZATION...

YES, DANGEROUS... BUT REWARDING. A REAL BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL, AND TV RATINGS, IS JUST PART OF EVERY-DAY LIFE RIGHT HERE IN THE.... ***VILE KINGDOM!!***

IN EVERY FAMILY FILE THERE'S SOME SAP!

IF MONSTERS RAN FOR PUBLIC OFFICE

Script by
Fred Wolfe

Art by
Bernard Baily

ERIK THE RED WAS A NORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR!

PAUL REVERE HAD A BIG MOUTH!

WOLF-MAN

I am proud to say that up to now, my campaign has been a **howling** success! Despite my opponent's snide remarks as to where I **stand**—well, I don't—I **crawl** on all fours! And if he thinks that my **bark** is worse than my **bite**—I'd advise him to check the local mortuaries! In order to get votes, my fellow sissy candidate has been kissing babies . . . **Me**—I eat 'em! Contrary to my opponent's polls, I am running well ahead—of the local posse! As to **polls,** I have the same attitude towards them as I do towards **fire-hydrants**—I lift my leg in scorn!

KING KONG

With other candidates, you may not be sure. But with me, you know what my **platform** is—the Empire State Building! Therefore, it is no surprise why I aspire to the highest office in the land. Why not? I have already climbed the highest office building in the land! So, from my past performance, you know you can count on me not to **bug** Watergate—I'll scale it—with Fay Wray as my **running mate.** And since ethnics are "in" this year, I represent the most **exclusive** minority group you can find—a 180-foot ape! You may ask, "Can he balance the budget?" Friends, lest you forget—in just one afternoon I balanced the whole city of New York in one hand! So vote for me and I will lead you out of the recession into an age of affluence. And you don't have to worry that I'll ever take graft—everybody knows I work for peanuts! Forgive me if I run now—I've got a late date with Chiquita Banana!

FRANKENSTEIN

For those of you who are curious to know why I decided to run for public office, I can now reveal that the moment they discovered I had a pea-size brain, they figured that I was a natural for politics! In addition, I have become the darling of the conservationists—who stand squarely behind the only candidate in the race who has been completely **re-cycled!** And they have also taken note of the fact that I've solved my own energy crisis—just one jolt of high-voltage juice and I'm set for life! My jealous opponents have leveled the charge against me that I lack charisma. And I, in turn, have leveled my opponents. Remember, you can vote for me under two different lines—**A.C.** or **D.C.** Well, I must hurry now to the cemetery, because I intend to **dig up** some old friends!

JACK THE RIPPER

My fiends. If elected, I promise to **cut** taxes—and everything else in sight—right to the bone! I pledge that I will **slash** the budget—**chop** off all unneccessary fat—and **hack** away at every boondoggling project. In addition, I will **split** all wasteful enterprises right down the middle—starting from the naval! And most important of all, with my fiscal scalpel, I will **slice** inflation down to size. I realize that you've been **torn apart** at your local grocer or supermarket. But let's face it, gang, who knows more about **rip-offs** than I do? Therefore, all I can say to you is that I run on my record. And with the kind of record I have—I gotta run—and run—and run!

COUNT DRACULA

Constituents and former **hickey-victims**—it's a **plasma** to be here today in Transylvania. Frankly, I almost went **bats** to get here before daybreak. Now you may well ask yourself: "Why should I vote for the Count? He's a **bloodsucker!"** True—but what politician isn't? With me at least you're dealing with a real pro! And speaking of **blood,** I'd like to clear up this nasty accusation that we've been **bleeding** people for campaign contributions. Untrue! We've made it a painless proposition—by limiting donations to only one **quart** for each voter—mostly while they were asleep! So, in conclusion, I say to you in the words of Shakespeare: "Friends, Romans, countrymen—lend my your **throats**—I mean **votes!"**

TOMORROW IS GROUNDHOG DAY: TAKE A SHADY CHARACTER TO LUNCH!

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

As you well know, I operate under a distinct handicap: Every move I make has to be viewed as slightly **fishy.** And speaking of fish, I just met Jacques Cousteau underwater and must state that I found him to be exceptionally well-informed, politically astute—and absolutely delicious! Coming from a **black** lagoon—although I'm naturally inclined to think that "black is beautiful"—will probably lose me the Wallace vote. Not only that, I can kiss the hippie vote goodby, too—since I am always taking a bath. However, I hope to count on the backing of Lloyd Bridges, Flipper and Mark Spitz! One moment, please—my assistant is handing me a dispatch. Egads! I've finally found out why my lagoon is black—I've just struck oil! Hmm. I wonder if that will lose me the Arab vote?

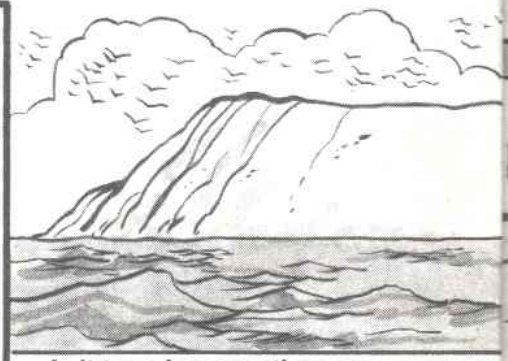
SAVE YOUR DIXIE CUPS: THE SOUTH WILL RISE AGAIN!

Test Your Knowledge Of The Past:

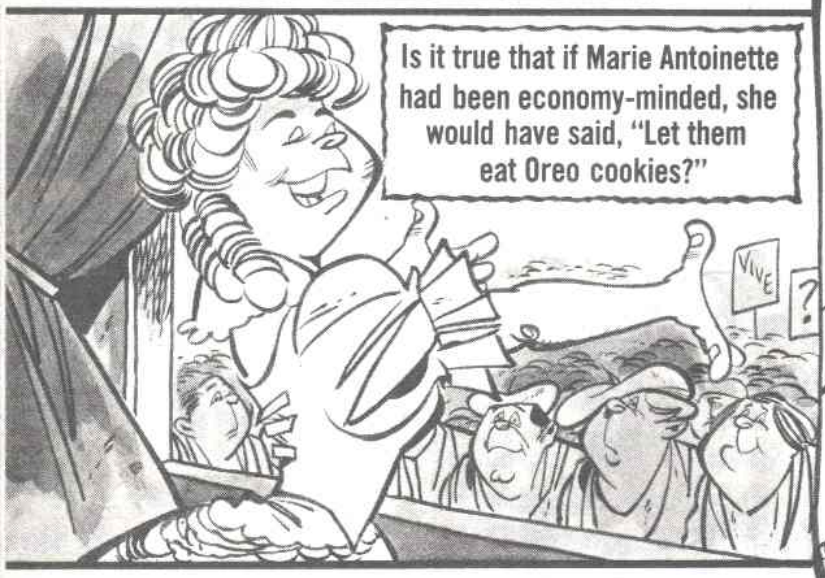
DID THEY SERVE MATZOH

In 1066, the Norman Invasion of England occurred—so what was Norman's last name?

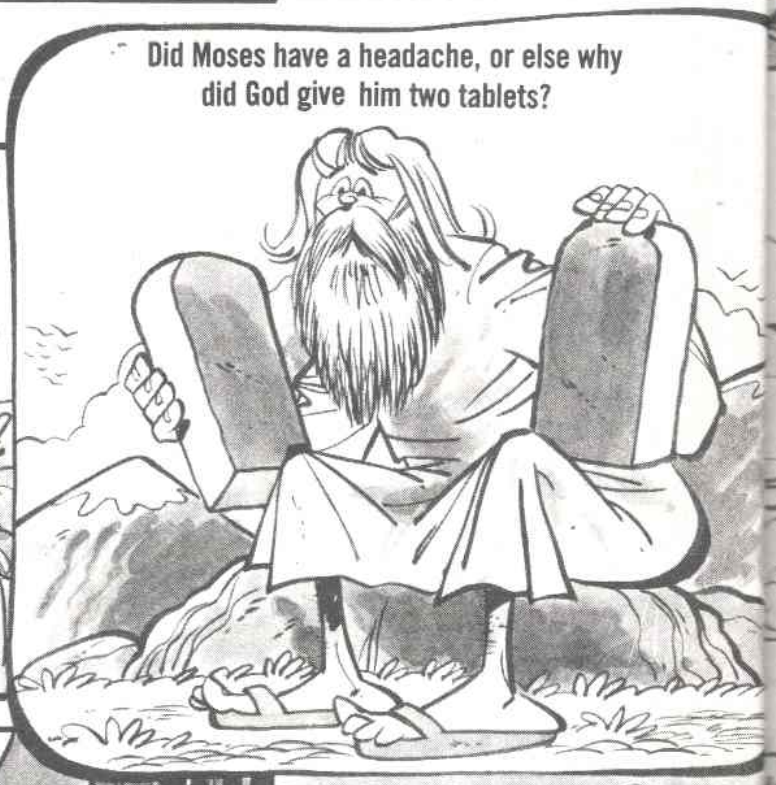
Did you know that when Franklin Roosevelt started the New Deal, it was at an all-night, high-stakes poker game?



Is it true, because there are so many birds there, that they are the white cliffs of Dover?



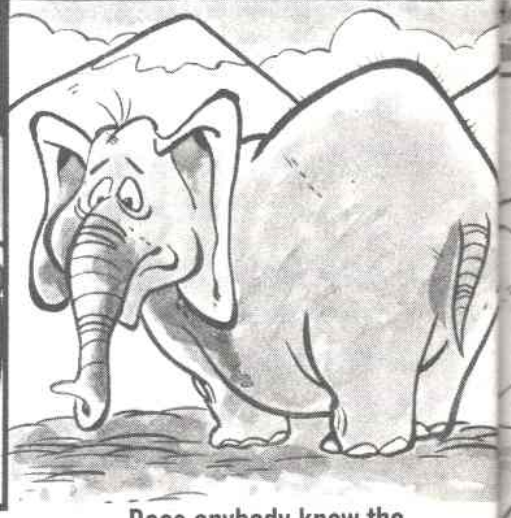
Is it true that if Marie Antoinette had been economy-minded, she would have said, "Let them eat Oreo cookies?"



Did Moses have a headache, or else why did God give him two tablets?

How come the maitre d' didn't ask the Apostles to leave the Last Supper—none of them were wearing ties?

Did Brutus use a switchblade?



Does anybody know the traitor who fed Ex-lax to Hannibal's elephants?

PAUL REVERE WAS A FINK!

AT $2,000 A SQUARE FOOT, WHY DO THEY CALL IT THE FREEWAY?

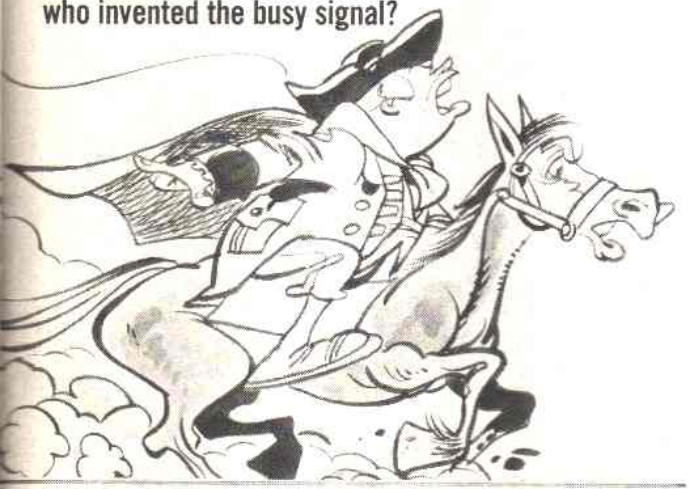
BALLS AT THE LAST SUPPER? *And Other Hysterical Historical Questions*

(for answers see your psychiatrist)

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, but who invented the busy signal?

Was Eli Whitney famous for saying: "Get your cotton-picking hands off my gin!"

Did Betsy Ross do crewel?



When Paul Revere yelled, "The British Are Coming! The British Are Coming!" did Mrs. Revere get out the good dishes?

Is it true that George Washington and his soldiers were refused rooms at the Valley Forge Hilton because they didn't have a reservation?

How come God didn't know that Lot and his wife were on a salt-free diet?

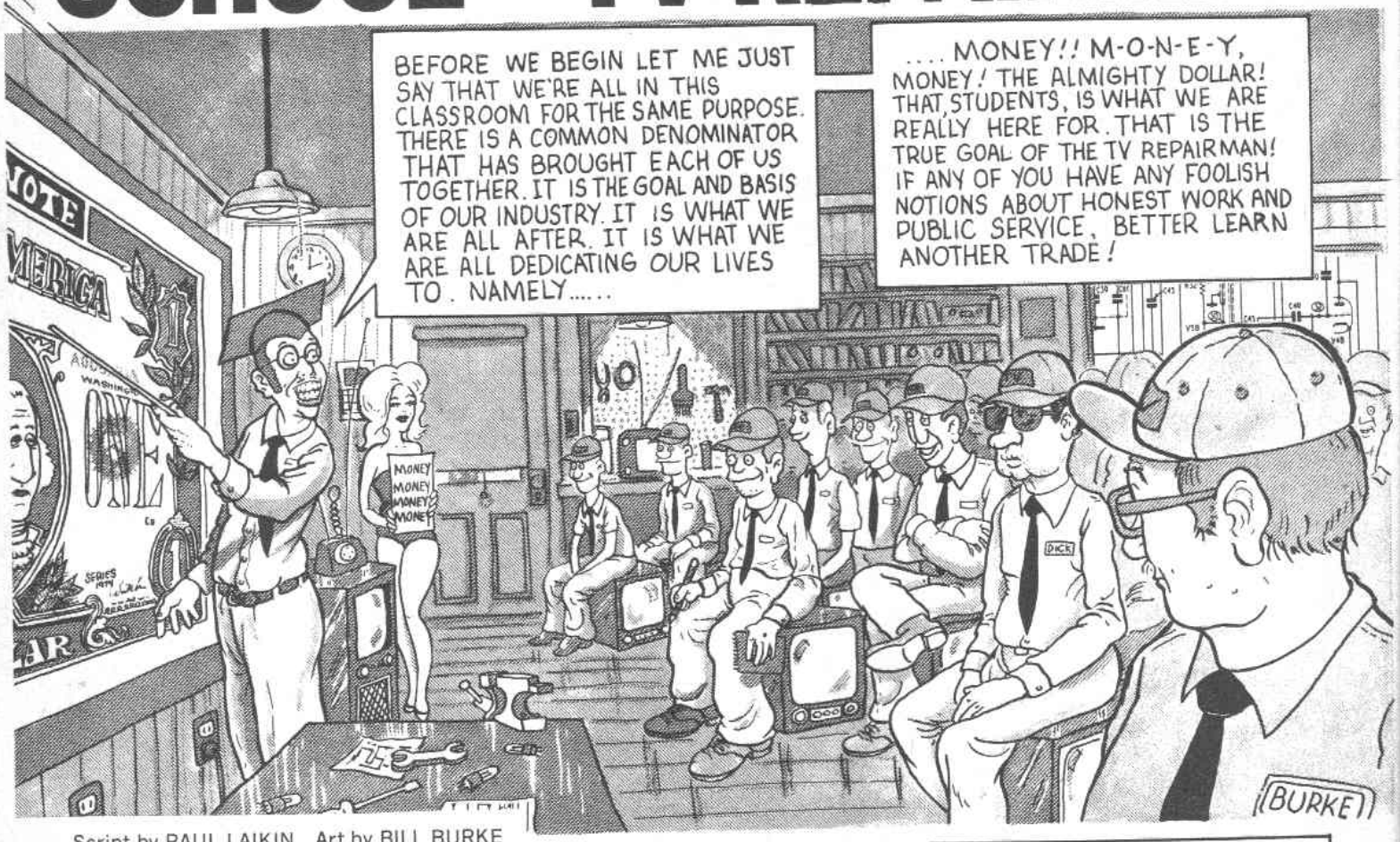
Did you know that when Napoleon invaded Russia, he had to go back because he didn't say, "May I?"

created by PHIL HIRSCH
illustrated by JOHN LANGTON

Why was Achilles such a heel?

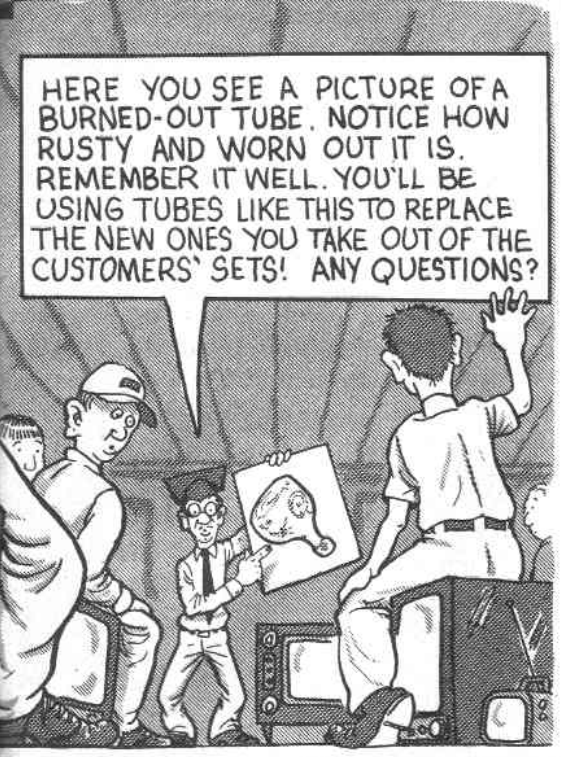
Everybody knows that TV is a high paying industry. Mary Tyler Moore, Carroll O'Connor, Flip Wilson and all make big, big money. But to channel in on the real big money-makers—ready, get set and go call for a repairman! Better you should need an operation, because these terrors of TV-land operate with one major aim: to put a hole in your pocketbook! And no wonder . . . since they all come out of this . . .

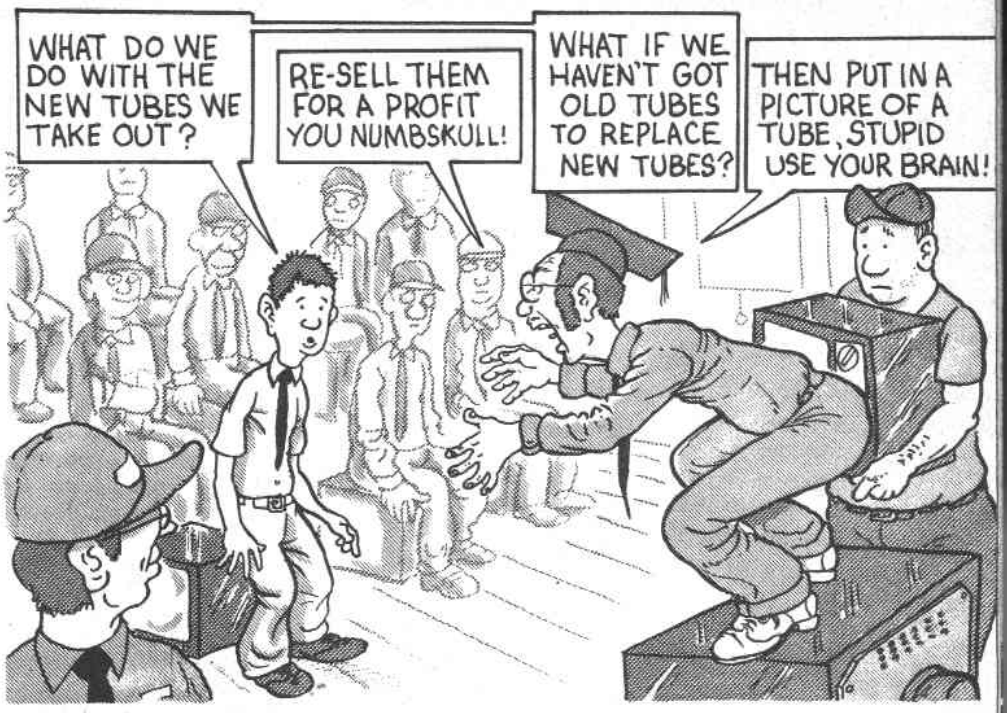
SCHOOL FOR TV REPAIRMEN



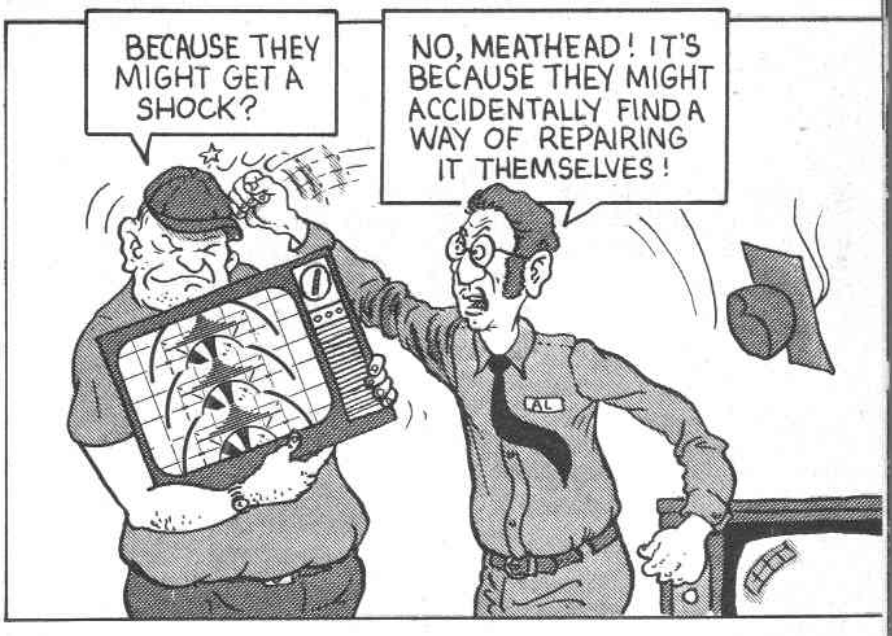
Script by PAUL LAIKIN Art by BILL BURKE

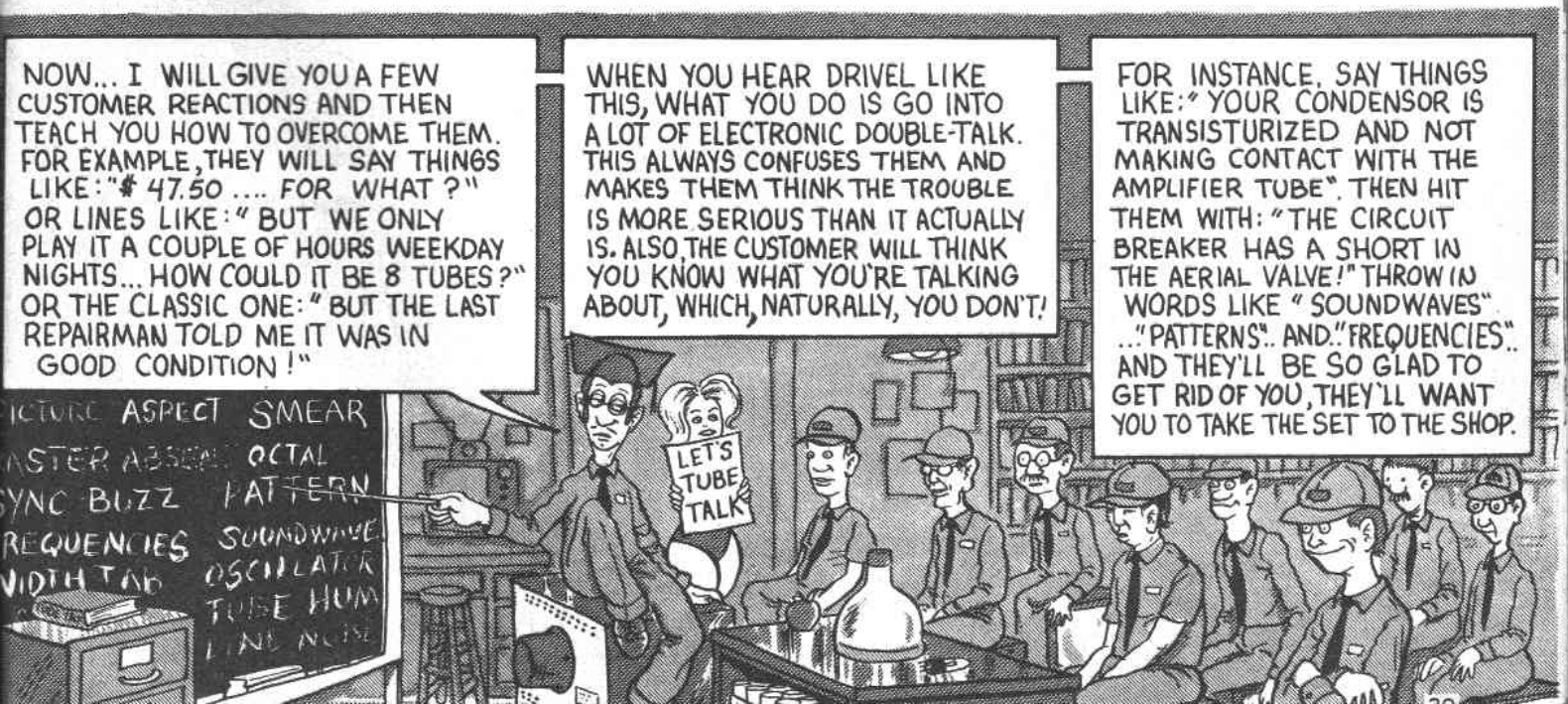
MUHAMMAD ALI IS REALLY AL JOLSON!

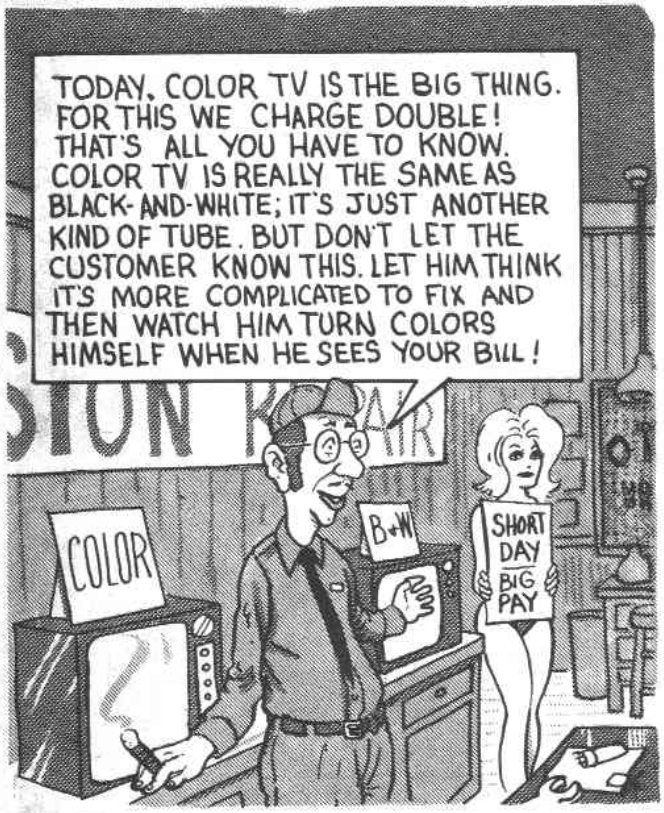


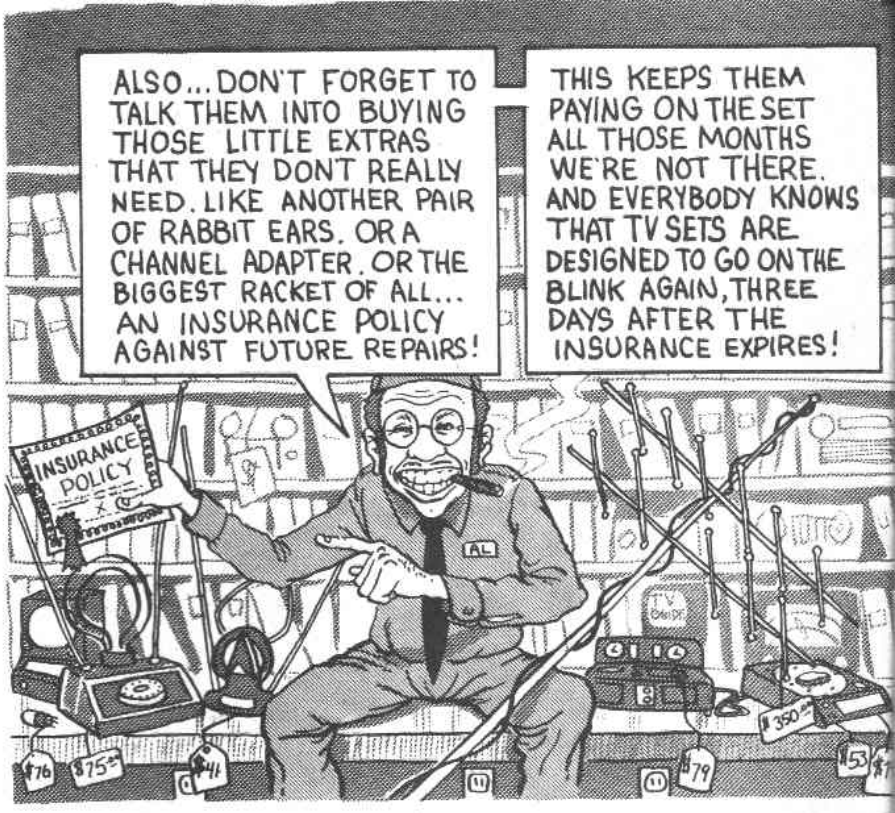


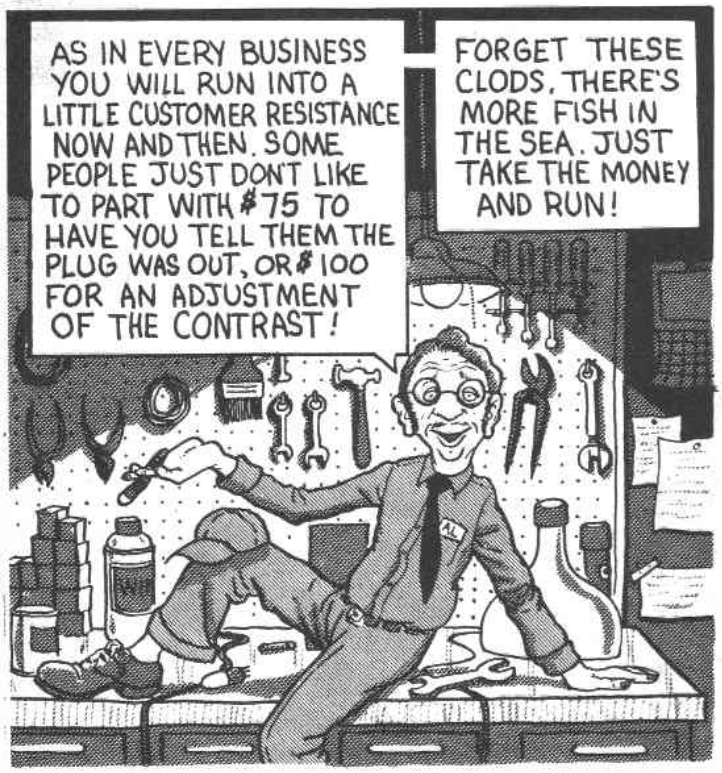
ATTENTION MUGGERS: LET US PREY . . .



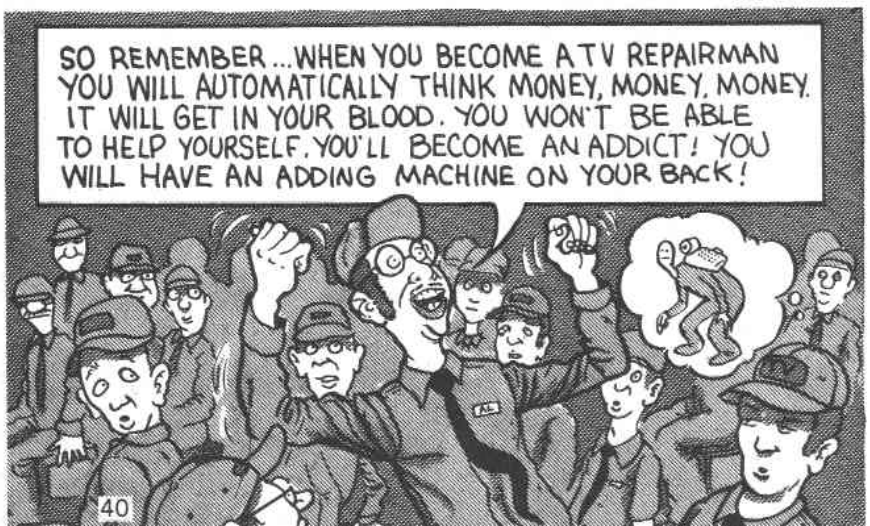






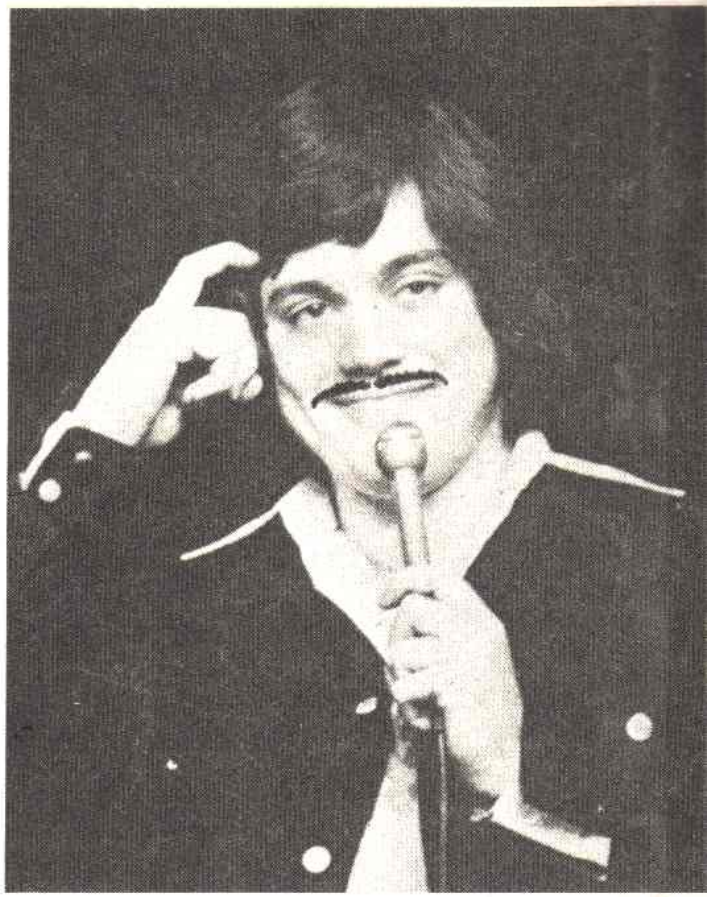


SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE DRAG RACE!



COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH:

FREDDIE PRINZE



"EEZ NOT MAI JOB!"

Undoubtably the fastest-rising comedian in the history of show business. Freddie Prinze, in less than two years has gone from an $80-a-week inserter of shoe labels in a Brooklyn factory, to an $80,000-a-week star of one of the season's highest rated television series, "Chico And The Man."

Son of a Hungarian gypsy father and a Puerto Rican mother, Freddie Prinze was born 20 years ago in the Washington Heights section of New York City, which he calls "a suburb of Harlem." He studied ballet and drama at the School of Performing Arts but his talents lay elsewhere. Appearing as a comic at a local club, he was spotted by a manager who promptly booked him on the Johnny Carson show. That was the beginning.

Freddie can dance, act, play several musical instruments and do stand-up comedy with the best of them. He seems to have it all. So what can you give this young man who has everything? What else but a SICK accolade as its Comedian of the Month . . .

FREDDIE'S CLASSIC DESCRIPTION OF A PUERTO RICAN CAR: "A '64 Chebby wid de pom-poms on de antennas, saints on de dashboard an' a leetle dog in de back window wid de head goin' up an' down!"

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A FINE-SCENT CIGAR!

MICKEY MOUSE IS A SLOW MAZE LEARNER!

A SAMPLING OF PRINZE-LY HUMOR

- **(WATERGATE)** Nixon released the tapes because they promised to let him make an album.

- **(THE GHETTO)** We never believed in Santa Claus because my father said, "If anybody comes down the chimney, you blow his head off!"

- **(MINORITY JUSTICE)** Hey, Pedro got four years for possession of money. They said it was a conspiracy to buy stolen property.

- **(ON DRUGS)** Bruce Lee died of an overdose of marijuana. He smoked a great joint, got really stoned and beat himself up!

- **(HISTORY)** Columbus was a procurer. Queen Isabella gives him all her money, three boats and he's wearing a red suit, a big hat with a feather. Man, that's a procurer!

HEART DISEASE NEEDN'T BE THE NUMBER ONE KILLER—YOUR DOCTOR CAN HELP!

CELEBRITY

Wanted To Buy—Hotels, cities and small states. Send descriptive information to: H. Hughes, Floors 6,7,8, and 9, El Rancho Raunchy Motel, 47 Ghila Monster Lane, Parched, Nevada, and we'll forward.

For Sale—Camel saddles, shieks' robes, jewelry, towels from the Cairo Hilton, and my complete collection of Middle East souvenirs. Wife is cleaning house and out they go! Contact: Dr. H. Kissinger, Box 1776, Washington, D.C.

Help Wanted—Children's governess; experienced, good references. Must be able to breathe under water. Send resume to: M. Spitz, Box Deep 6.

For Sale—800 pounds of unused freckles. Best offer. Contact Doris Day, Box 82, Hollywood, California.

Let's Stamp Out Chicken Jokes Once-And-For All!—There's nothing funny about a plucked pullet. Some of my best friends are chickens! Contact: Col. Harland D. Sanders, President, Chicken Anti-Defamation League, Box 12, Louisville, Kentucky.

Rooms to Rent—Large, comfortable sleeping rooms, many furnished with genuine antiques. Reasonable rates. Help share my expenses and whip inflation now. Registered Republicans and M.S.U. football fans only. Apply: (Days) 1600 Pennsylvainia Ave., Washington, D.C.

I Will Write Your Resume—Guaranteed results, Professional, experienced writer. I specialize in making you look good. Clifford Irving, Box 99.

For Sale: Soggy, but never used, map of Cape Cod/Chappaquiddick resort area. T. Kennedy, Hyannisport, Mass.

Lost—one heart, in the vicinity of San Francisco. Reward if returned. T. Bennett, Box 129.

Self Improvement Course—Enroll now! Win friends, influence people, become popular beyond your wildest dreams when you sign up for lessons in charm and personal magnetism. Study at home. Write: Don Rickles School Of

WOULDN'T WESTERN CIVILIZATION BE A GOOD IDE

CLASSIFIEDS

Art by JACK SPARLING
Script by KIM BENE

GOD USES PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE WITH PEOPLE!

Position Wanted—Mature man with executive experience seeks position with established recording studio. Has intimate knowledge of tape recording/editing. Contact: R. Nixon, San Clemente, California.

Tutor Needed—Responsible, well-educated adult needed as live-in English language tutor. Salary, plus room, board, and all the champagne you can drink. Apply: Ah 1 and Ah 2, Accordion Lane, Pasadena, California, Attention of L. Welk.

Lost—Expensive, rust-colored, Ivy-League toupee. Vicinity of Shea Stadium last Sunday. Big reward. Contact: H. Cosell, American Broadcasting Company, New York City, New York (Quick!).

Man Wanted—Any man, apply: Z. Gabor, 37 Honeymoon Lane, Beverly Hills, California.

For Sale—Girls . . . spicy pictures of me in the "Altogether!" Guaranteed to turn you on, Baby! Mailed in plain brown wrapper. Only $5.00! B. Reynolds, Box 690, Muscle Beach, California.

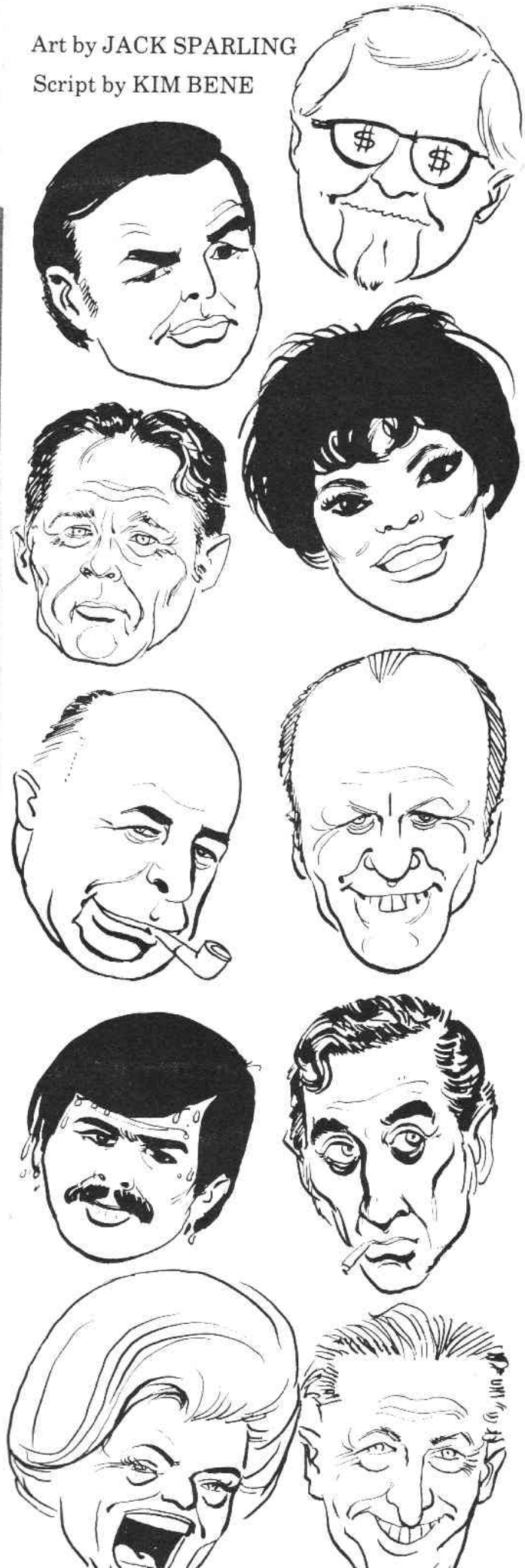
Employment Opportunity—Semi-attractive tall girl needed immediately. Must have flair for comedy and great singing voice like mine. Apply: S. Bono, Hollywood, California.

Lonely? Need Someone To Talk To?—Call me! Any time, day or night. My hangup is talking on the phone. You think you've got troubles? Call: M. Mitchell. (I'm in the phone book.) Out-of-towners call collect.

For Sale Cheap—Used Clothing. Ivy League suits, sports jackets, and garish blazers. Each worn only for 90 minutes. All colors. All materials. Boys' Jr. sizes, only. Lost my white collar job and don't need them any more. D. Cavett Discount Clothes, Apt. 32 Short, New York City, New York.

Lost—Road map of San Jose, California. Return to D. Warwick, Box 477.

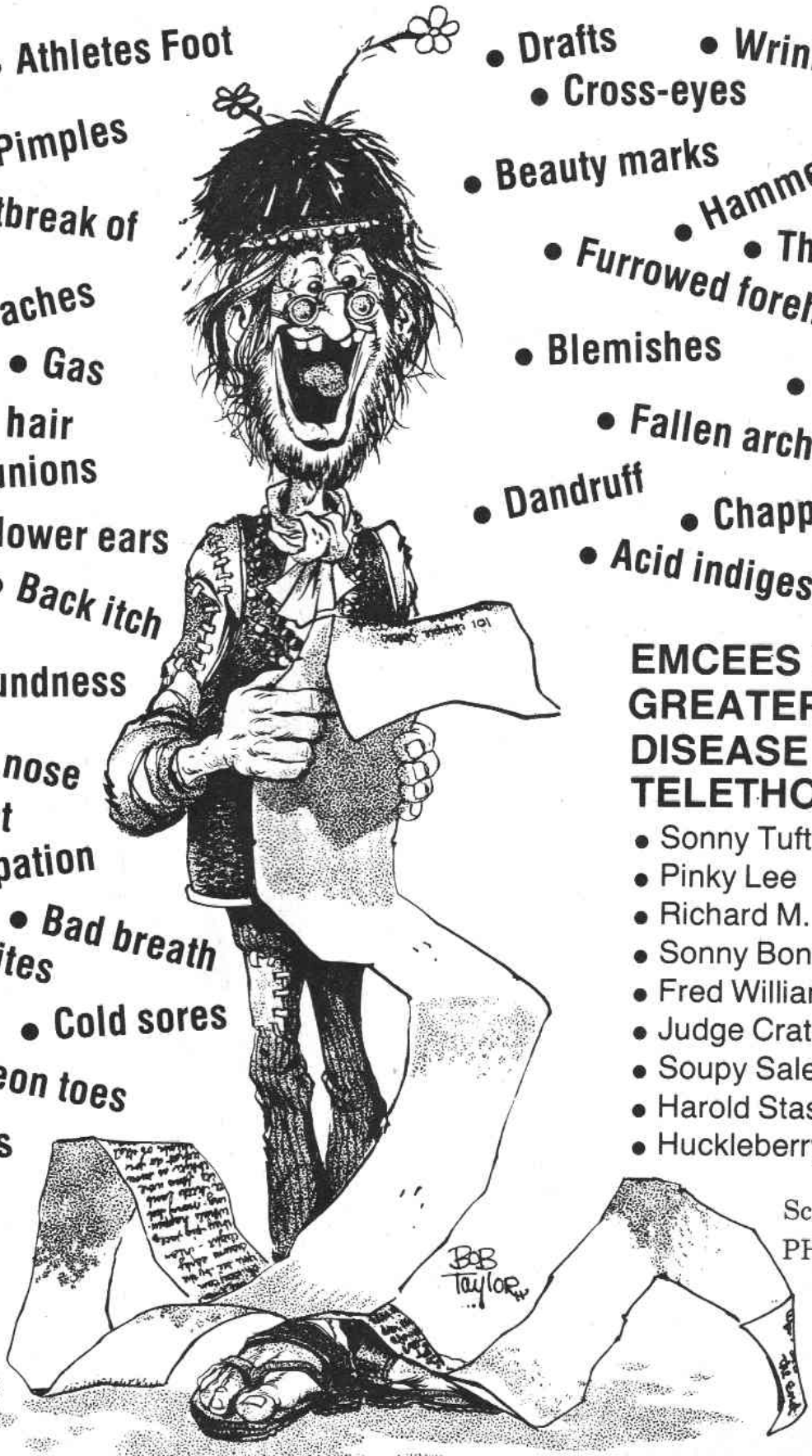
Public Notice—As of this date I will no longer be held responsible for any debts incurred by my ex-wife, Elizabeth . . . particularly at jewelry stores! (Signed) R. Burton.



Telethons, telethons, telethons! Americans are growing more and more accustomed to seeing telethons on teevee. Most of them offer good entertainment, and they are for good causes. But the trouble is that we are running out of good diseases for telethons. Hence . . .

GREATER TELETHONS FOR GREATER DISEASES

- Hangnail
- Athletes Foot
- Pink Eye
- Pimples
- The heartbreak of Psoriasis
- Stomach aches
- Gas
- Falling hair
- Corns and bunions
- Cauliflower ears
- Flatulence
- Back itch
- Muscle boundness
- Running nose
- Prickly heat
- Constipation
- Mosquito bites
- Bad breath
- Styes
- Cold sores
- Rashes
- Pigeon toes
- The runs
- Belching
- Hickeys
- Stubbed toe



- Drafts
- Wrinkles
- Cross-eyes
- Beauty marks
- Hammered toes
- The frizzies
- Furrowed forehead
- Blemishes
- Blisters
- Fallen arches
- Dandruff
- Chapped lips
- Acid indigestion

EMCEES FOR GREATER DISEASE TELETHONS:

- Sonny Tufts
- Pinky Lee
- Richard M. Nixon
- Sonny Bono
- Fred Williamson
- Judge Crater
- Soupy Sales
- Harold Stassen
- Huckleberry Fink

Script by
PHIL HIRSCH

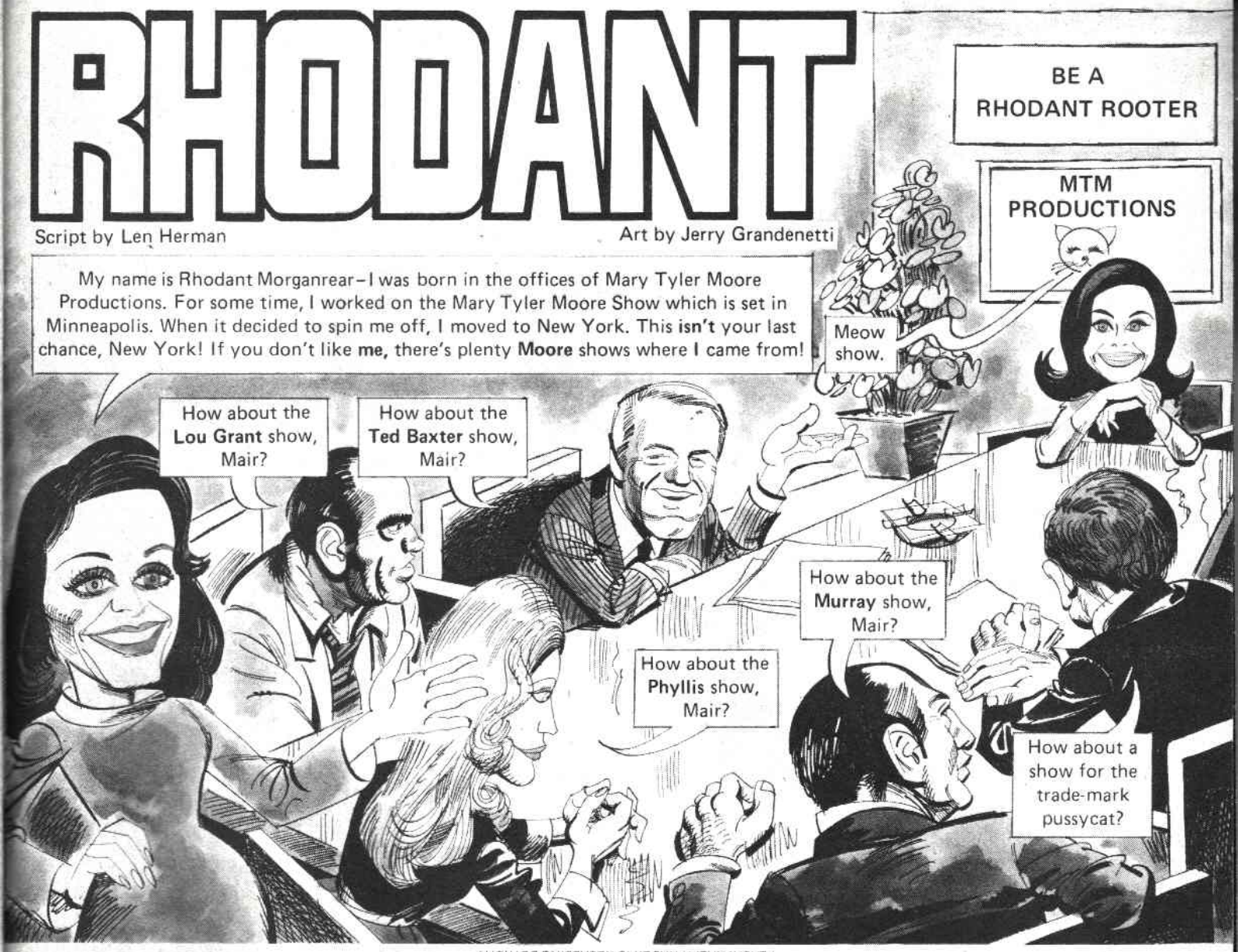
THE LITTLE OLD LADY WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE RECOMMENDS THE PILL!

It's spin-off time, gang! A spin-off is what happens when a character in an established TV show becomes so popular, he or she gets a chance to light up the boob tube with his or her own show! Some popular examples of successful spin-offs are "Maude", "The Jeffersons", Good Times" and our favorite...

RHODANT

Script by Len Herman

Art by Jerry Grandenetti

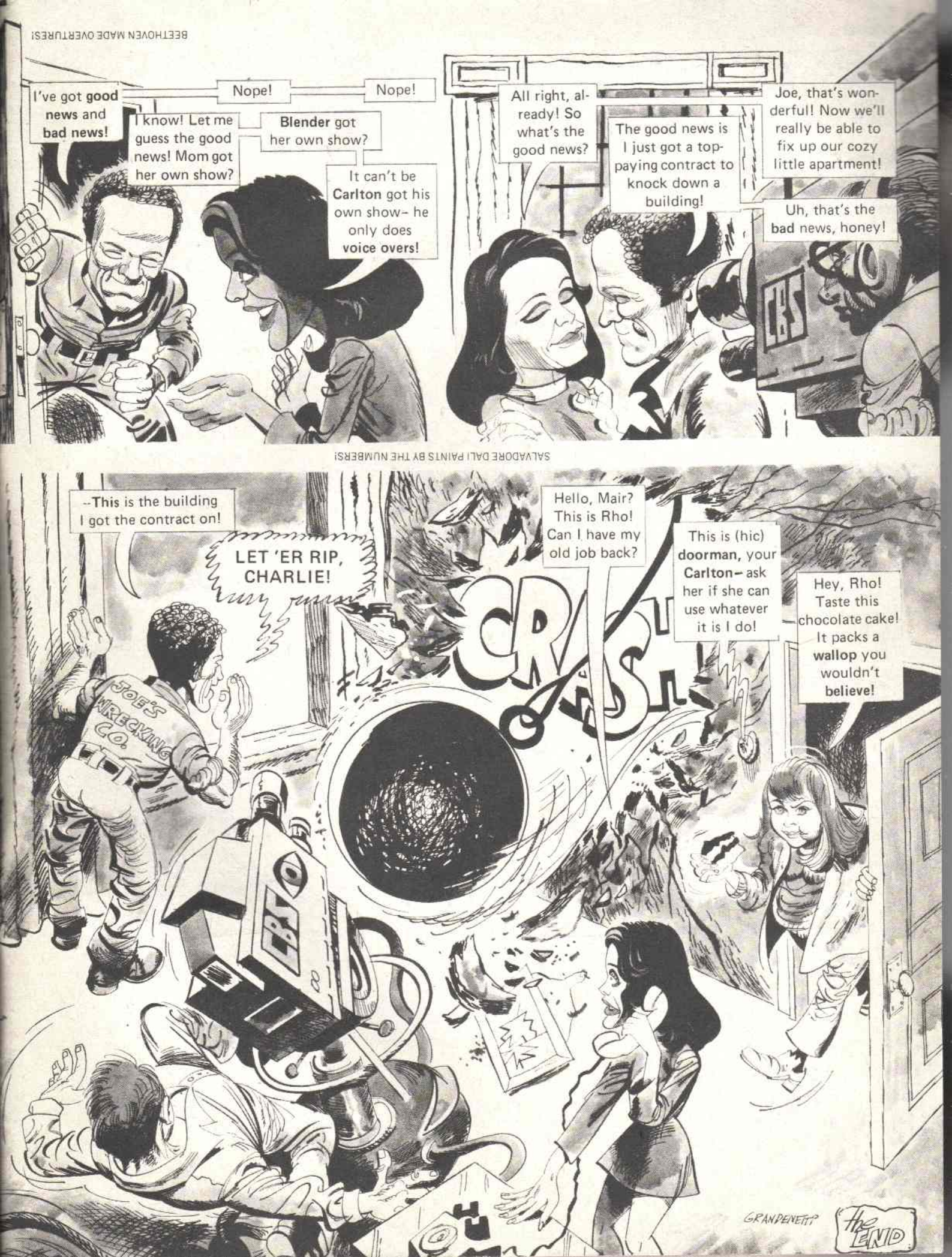


FLASH: RALPH NADER IS RECALLING DETROIT!

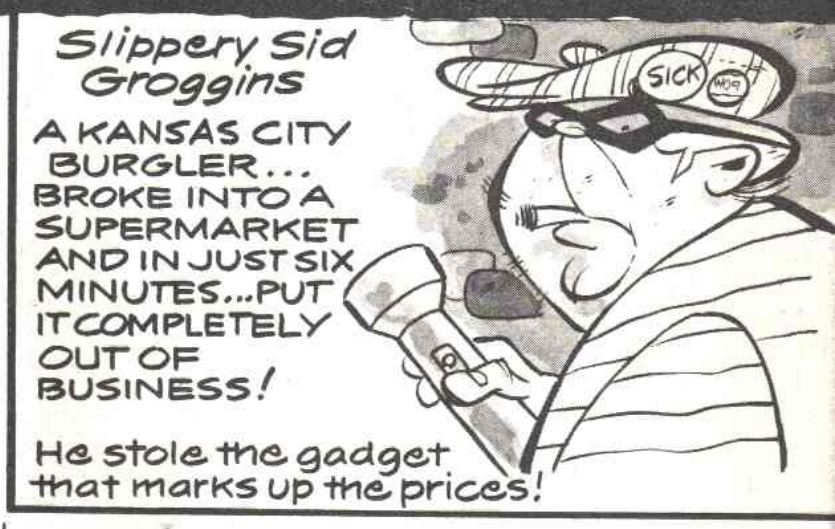
That must be my plain-looking, chubby, unmarried sister, Blender, who lives in this very same building!
DING DONG
Hi, Rho! Gee, I feel so plain-looking, chubby and unmarried this morning!
Don't feel bad, Blen– when I was on the Mary Tyler Moore show, I was in the same sad condition. Then I became **pretty, slim,** got my **own show** and married **Joe** here!
Gee– 3 swell things out of 4 isn't bad!
GIVE ME LIBRIUM OR GIVE ME METH!!
Your fridge is kinda empty, Rho! When did you do your last big shopping?
Yesterday, just before your **last** visit!
Excuse me– that's the intercom!
BZZZ
G'morning, this is (hic) **Carlton,** your **doorman!**
Carlton, have you been drinking?
Is today Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday?
Yeah!
Then I've been drinking! Know what my favorite songs are?
Sure! Booze In The Night and The Bottle Hymn Of The Republic!
Ma's coming?
Somebody (hic) told you. Anyway, your **mother** is on her way up!
Aren't you glad to see ma?
Sure, Rho, except she's always **nagging** me about getting **married!** Sometimes I think she makes a **special trip** here just to nag me!
That's unfair, Blender – Ma only drops up when she's **anywhere** in **the neighborhood!**
Yeah – anywhere in the neighborhood of the western hemisphere!
Rhodant! Blender! AHHH, it makes a mother's heart sing to see her two daughters again – the **married** one and the **not!**
Now I **know** what you're thinking, Blender. But I'm **not** going to nag you about not being pretty, slim and married like Rhodant!
Gee, thanks, Ma!
You're welcome, dear! .....Blender?
Yeah, Ma?
How come **you** don't have your own TV show like Rhodant?

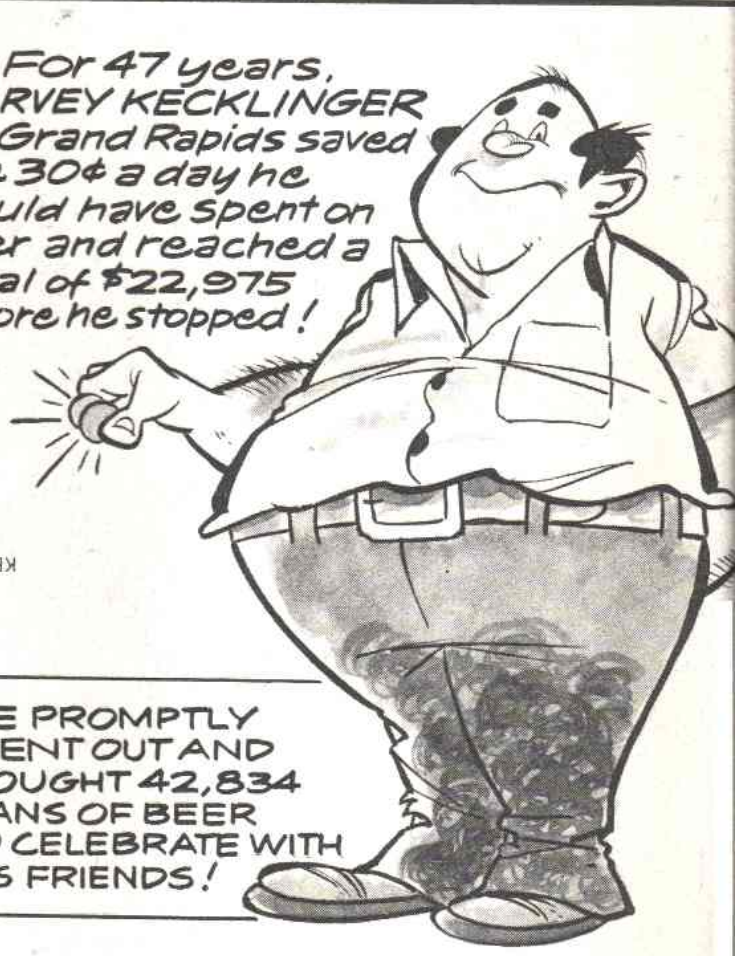
Say, how did **Carlton** get up here? I just saw him laying on the **lobby floor!**
That's not Carlton, Ma- that's my husband Joe! He's home because business is bad!
Then you should have married Carlton - at least **he** has a **good reason** for laying on the floor!
JOE'S WRECKING CO.
WAKE UP, BUM-IN-LAW!
Joe's not a bum, Ma - he has his own business
Yeah! Breaking up homes! There's a **name** for men like that!
I'm going to the office - the floor isn't as **noisy** there!
Intercom, Rho!
This is (hic) **doorcarl,** your **manton.** Who's this?
Rhodant!
Rhodant, I called to tell you your **intercom** is out of order!
My **intercom** is out of order?
(hic) Yes!
Carlton, if my intercom is out of order, how come you can **hear** me?
What?
That Carlton's some character! He's the only person in the world who thinks the Tower of Pisa is standing straight!
So tell me, Blender - are you **dating?**
Ma! You **promised** you wouldn't nag!
What's a mother's promise compared to a mother's heartache? You think I want you to wind up an old maid like our Uncle Louie?
DOW SHALT NOT KILL!
Look, Ma! Marriage isn't the end-all for women as it was in your day! Today women can seek **self-sufficiency** and **fulfillment** without the **strangling, chauvinistic entanglement** of **Marital Bonds** as it has existed from **time immemorial!**
Oh, stop talking like a child!
Well, so long, Rhodant - I've got an appointment with a broken heart specialist, thanks to your sister!
Aw, gee, Ma - Blender feels bad enough being chubby and all - can't you offer her some words of **encouragement?**
Sure! Blender - keep your **chins** up!

THE BALD EAGLE WEARS A HAIR PIECE!

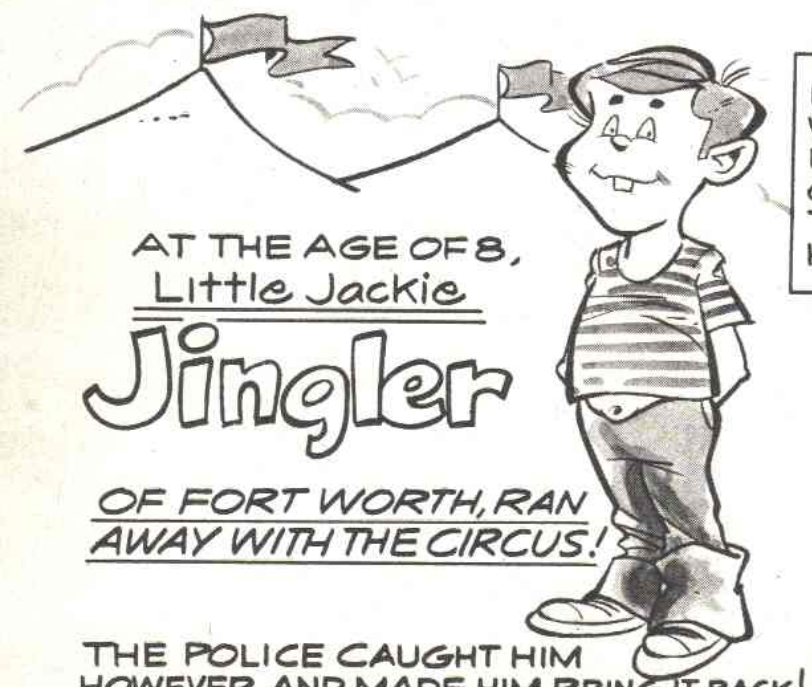

BEETHOVEN MADE OVERTURES!
I've got **good news** and **bad news!**
Nope!
Nope!
I know! Let me guess the good news! Mom got her own show?
Blender got her own show?
It can't be **Carlton** got his own show– he only does **voice overs!**
All right, already! So what's the good news?
The good news is I just got a top-paying contract to knock down a building!
Joe, that's wonderful! Now we'll really be able to fix up our cozy little apartment!
Uh, that's the **bad** news, honey!
CBS
SALVADORE DALI PAINTS BY THE NUMBERS!
--**This** is the building I got the contract on!
LET 'ER RIP, CHARLIE!
Hello, Mair? This is Rho! Can I have my old job back?
This is (hic) **doorman,** your **Carlton**– ask her if she can use whatever it is I do!
Hey, Rho! Taste this chocolate cake! It packs a **wallop** you wouldn't **believe!**
CR
SH
JOE'S WRECKING CO.
CBS
GRANDENETTI
the LENID

SICK as it seems by LANGTON





KEEP GRANDMA OFF THE STREETS—LEGALIZE BINGO!



HELP SENIOR CITIZENS—SUPPORT GRAY LIB!

Myra Maudlin of Kalamazoo, looked in the Yellow Pages and found a finger!

FUNNY PART IS, SHE WAS LOOKING FOR A BIG TOE!

NOTICE:

IN CASE OF ATOMIC ATTACK, THE FEDERAL BAN AGAINST PRAYERS IN SCHOOL WILL BE TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED

—A SICK SIGN—

BONUS CUTOUTS: VERY VERY THIN BOOKS

—PASTE OVER SPINES OF PAPERBACKS ON YOUR BOOKSHELF—

(Created by PHIL HIRSCH and PAUL LAIKIN)

BASICS OF POLISH HYGIENE

FAVORITE POEMS of ROCKY GRAZIANO

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF HOWARD HUGHES

THE JOY OF HOMEWORK

Great Egyptian Military Campaigns

SECRETS OF HAIR GROOMING by TELLY SAVALAS

CHOOSING A WARDROBE by Lt. Columbo

BEST SPEECHES of MARCEL MARCEAU

The Truth In TV Commercials

WHO'S WHO in PUERTO RICO

• ITALIAN WAR HEROES •

The Complete Guide To Night Life In Waterford, Maine

Complete Guide To Modesty MUHAMMAD ALI

Lose Weight - Stay Thin by JACKIE GLEASON & TOTIE FIELDS

MY FAVORITE TV DINNERS by EUELL GIBBONS

RICHARD NIXON'S WATERGATE TESTIMONY